

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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REFORM IN THE JUDICIARY.

THIS is one of the most difficult questions before the Convention. Because our present evils in the administration of justice have come in with the elected judges, many hastily conclude that the whole question of reform is between an elected and an appointed judiciary. The introduction of the elective system may have been a mistake, but from what we can gather of the general sentiment there is no hope of the Convention giving it up. Especially in the rural districts the system has not brought upon the bench unworthy or inferior judges so as to make them an oppressive evil. The people have shown themselves, on more than one occasion, capable of rising above party nominations in selecting judges. Not many years ago, at a hotly-contested election, the judicial district of which Brooklyn forms a part furnished a marked instance of this. The Democratic majority in the district upon other candidates was over three thousand, and yet the Whig judge, Birdseye, was chosen by a majority of three thousand over a third or fourth rate lawyer who had succeeded in getting the Democratic nomination. Something of the same kind happened less than two years ago in another district. The party vote was given on both sides with close fidelity to all other candidates, but the Democratic judge, who was suspected of intemperate habits, was abandoned by so many of his own party as to throw him out by an overwhelming vote. This independent action of the people cannot, however, be relied on in districts made up of limited territory. The management of unworthy party leaders is always more powerful in corners. It is for this reason that, believing the elective system is to be continued, we have urged the election of judges by very large districts. It is for this reason that, in the election of judges and of senators, we urge that every large city be, if possible, joined with a considerable extent of rural territory. In our project for a constitution we divided the state into four judicial and senatorial districts. If it would not interfere with the despatch of business at the general term, we would prefer to make the districts only three.

What we really need for the purification of the judiciary is that we should restore its independence. By making the judicial term of office short and frequently subjecting the judges to popular caprice, we have put these officers back into the condition of the English judges under the Henrys and Charleses and Jameses, when a judicial opinion not pleasing to the sovereign was sufficient cause for removal from the bench and often into the Tower. We have thrown aside the grand principle evolved under William III.: that, for the safety of individual rights, the judiciary must be independent of the sovereign power. Our sovereign power, the people, should therefore, in electing judges, be made to choose them for life. If, with the present system, the people have manifested peculiar care in the selection of this class of officers, they would be impelled to still greater caution if the tenure of office was life-long. Experience has proved that even an unworthy man, once fixed for life in the judicial office and put upon his good behavior, is likely to rise to the only ambition left to him, that of establishing a good repute. It would not be amiss, in our judgement, to provide that every man who accepted judicial office should be thenceforth debarred from all other official station not only while he continued to be a judge, but even upon resignation; so that the temptation of other distinctions might be effectually shut out.

The sore evil of our present system is the delay in the Court of Appeals. For this there are but two remedies, to wit: to reduce the work of the court by restraining appeals, or to increase the working force of the court. If a restraint be put upon appeals, it will probably be done by means of an arbitrary distinction between cases in which large amounts are involved and those in which the sum in controversy

is small. This is a denial of justice to a portion of the community by an arbitrary and unfair rule; nor is it for the general good that such a distinction should be made, for a more important principle may be involved in a contest over one dollar than in a controversy about millions. The just and true remedy is an increase of the power of the court to meet its work. This, of course, involves an increased number of judges, and it also involves a division of its labors among those who make up the court. Ten judges always sitting together to hear arguments will get through little more work than five; but ten judges sitting in alternating benches of five will get through twice the work of five. It is objected that this would give two separate courts of last resort, varying, probably, in their decisions. The same class of persons which offers this objection does not hesitate to propose a separate and independent bench of special commissioners to work up the present arrearages of the court. If all the judges of the Court of Appeals were required to reside in Albany, they would be at hand for consultation in difficult cases. The five who had listened to the arguments of counsel would be able to present these difficult points to their brethren in brief and digested form. Although but five were on the bench, the spirit of the whole court would be there, and greater uniformity would be preserved than is now attained. We do not expect to reach perfection in this matter; what we seek is to cure the present oppressive delay of justice. If we can accomplish this and yet ensure at least as much uniformity as we now have, with a probability of more, it is perhaps as much as we ought to look for. In special instances, such as those in which constitutional law comes in, and those in which the life or personal freedom of an accused person is involved, it would be well to guarantee still further both better justice and more uniformity by requiring the presence of a bench of ten judges instead of five.

It is important that the judges of the Appellate Court should not be separated too much from the ordinary everyday business of the lower courts over which it exerts control. In England, and in the judicial system of our general government, this is provided against by sending the judges of the appellate court down to hold the circuits. The mass of litigation in this state is so great as to render this impossible with us. We propose to come as near to it as we can by having a judge of the Court of Appeals always reside in the general term of the Supreme Court. This presiding judge would bring down with him something of the spirit of the higher court, and this would be, to some extent, a guarantee of uniformity, both as among the general terms in the several districts and as between the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals.

These are the reasons which induced us, in our project for a new constitution, to propose a Court of Appeals consisting of seventeen judges. Five of these, selected annually by the court, are to preside at general terms of the Supreme Court, two for the first district, where litigation concentrates, and one in each of the three other districts. There would be judges enough left to supply two alternating benches of five each in the Court of Appeals, with two to spare for the filling of occasional vacancies.

Some limitation on appeals is proper, nevertheless, and we suggest that no appeal be allowed from a general term when the three judges thereof are unanimous. We would except from this rule questions of constitutional law and criminal cases. Such a limitation would not work harshly, for in cases worthy of appeal one out of the three judges would be sure to differ with his colleagues, just as in the Circuit Court of the United States the two judges, on grave questions, often agree to differ for the sake of getting them before the higher court. If, however, this limitation be thought too harsh as an inflexible rule, authority might be given to the chief justice or to any two or three of the judges of the Court of Appeals to bring up a unanimous decision for review by writ of error.

For the trial of all civil controversies, except such as are given to the justices of the peace, one Supreme Court, pervading the state, would be sufficient. It would simplify and improve matters to get rid of all such local courts as the Common Pleas and Superior

Courts of this city. If more judicial force is needed, increase not the number of courts but the number of judges in the one court. No local tribunals would be necessary except county courts and city courts, with more than one judge in large cities, having jurisdiction in civil cases only as courts of review over justices of the peace, and, on the criminal side, jurisdiction over crimes below the grade of felony. As their chief duty would be the enforcement of the law against offenders, the judges thereof would most properly be appointed by the governor, not by the little local constituencies. The quality of the justices of the peace ought to be improved, for a good administration of justice in their courts concerns directly a very much larger number of persons than does the good management of the higher courts. This improvement can be had, it seems to us, only by having them appointed instead of elected. In cities this change seems to be absolutely necessary, and country justices are too often collecting attorneys rather than judicial officers. District-attorneys, being a necessary part of the machinery whereby the governor is to see the laws faithfully executed, ought to be the governor's appointees, and there is no need of having one in every county. With exclusive devotion to the duties of a public prosecutor, one district-attorney could attend to the criminal business of two or three rural counties. They should be state, not county, officers, and be paid out of the state treasury.

We hope our venerable neighbor, *The Commercial Advertiser*, will suffer no pain through our presumption in saying thus much upon a topic which is at this moment of transcendent importance, and to the discussion of which the daily press seems, by its silence, to confess itself unequal.

THE TENDENCY OF DEMOCRACY.

A LETTER which originally appeared in a Cincinnati journal, and which chiefly concerns the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, has of late been extensively republished; and, as it happens forcibly to illustrate a tendency of great significance in American political life, it is worth while to give it some consideration. The letter, by reason of its apparent vacuity of conception and impertinent profusion of detail, is well adapted for popular perusal and acceptance, while, in its character of opening wedge, it has been read with interest by some to whom its obvious intention was distasteful. We have not the letter by us, and do not care to have; but this obvious intention can be succinctly stated without risk of inaccuracy. It is simply as follows: To set forth that the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade is a remarkably coarse-minded and vulgar sort of person, whose early pursuits were of a very humble and sordid description; and that, in virtue of this felicitous combination of experience and personal attributes, the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade is admirably adapted to be the next President of the United States.

We invite intelligent and educated people to consider this straw which is borne on a current constantly increasing in swiftness and volume. It has been the boast of our race that, under the institutions it has gradually matured, men could climb to distinction in despite of early disabling circumstances of birth, breeding, or property; and the boast has been a just one. In England a cobbler's son may rise to the woollen sack just as with us a rail-splitter may become President. With ourselves, however, freed as we have been of many conventionalities, some of which no doubt were worse than useless, the ascent is easiest; and so far as this enlarges the application of a beneficent principle—the principle that all the rewards and distinctions a state can bestow shall be open alike to all its citizens—we heartily approve it. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* We would have no royal roads to the presidency or to any other post of honor. We have nothing to say against rail-splitters or tailors clambering to the top of the political edifice, if they have the pluck and talent to get there; but we have, we must own, a very serious objection to seeing men made candidates for high office not in spite of but because they have been rail-splitters and tailors. The idealizing of sordid occupations, the humbug of pretending that because a man has pursued a mean trade he is therefore better fitted to be the chief magistrate of a great nation, has its specious sides and is

of course intensely gratifying to the vanity of great numbers; but it is not the less a dangerous and degrading hallucination and one which we fear our leading journalists, among others, have been too ready to permit to pass unchallenged.

There is nothing necessarily degrading about splitting rails or making breeches or small shop-keeping, or even about cleaning out sewers. All these things have to be done by somebody, and that a man should have done one or all of them and afterwards achieved the highest political rank in his country is, from some points of view, a noble and excellent thing. But that men should be exalted and praised merely *because* they have dug ditches, cleaned sewers, or peddled matches seems to us, in our ignorance, a very silly and contemptible thing, and one which is sure in the long run to destroy that democracy which it now appears to nourish and ostentatiously aims to propitiate. We must observe that the whole pith and force of this cherished popular antithesis—making, for example, a tinker into a President—must lie in the vastness of the chasm which separates one social position from the other. Now, if we were to continue as a habit to make Presidents of tinkers, what becomes of the antithesis and where is the chasm? It is clear that there must be a limit somewhere to this preposterous worship of the grovelling and low which is the fanaticism of democracy. If we conceive of a society in which all who are not already ignorant and vulgar pretend to be so for the sake of getting on or succeeding in life we arrive at the ultimate ideal which such fanaticism brings about. We also discover that such a state of things must be in a manner self-destructive. Competition, in such a case, must work contrariwise to its usual course, since it would destroy trade. The lowest depths would soon be reached, and, after enjoying the improving sway of a succession of rulers whose elevation had arisen from their demonstrated pursuit in previous life of the most sordid and paltry avocations that could possibly be practised, the entire community, by a natural gravity, would sink to a level whereupon such distinctions would become imperceptible. History furnishes some tolerable examples of the results of a career like this and our great republic is in a fair way to supply in time a stupendous analogue.

There can be little doubt but that the monotone to which democracy inevitably tends must as inevitably become the corrective of democracy at prognosticable periods. Variety is indeed the spice of life, and, although all men may be born free and equal in theory, it is yet certain that the chances for inequality in practice afford the keenest zest to most men's lives. The self-worship of a mob, which finds expression in hailing as leader the type of its own lowest qualities, will turn to a different sort of hero-worship when the perfection of uniformity has removed the possibility of distinctiveness. In time the at present irresistible fascinations of having chopped logs, kept a country "store," driven a team, of going about in shirt-sleeves, of cursing and chewing freely, of telling dirty stories, of not knowing how to behave like a gentleman in drawing or ball room, of having darned little boys' trousers, and all the other endearing experiences which, as we have seen, go so far towards making American statesmen, will lose their seductive charm and can be depended upon no more. The democracy which relies on these weapons can only exist with at least the traditions of aristocracy and in their complete absence it must perish. It feeds in this country to-day upon the remnants of feudalism, the rags and tatters of privilege and class distinction which come of our English blood and English law. But democracy cannot, like the chameleon, make the meat it feeds upon. The glory of resisting oppression, the virtue of conquering a weakness, the heroism of mortifying desire, can only exist where oppression and weakness and desire flourish likewise. When we are all tinkers and tailors, "butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers," when we all curse and chew and tell smutty stories, when we all seek our belles-lettres in *The Ledgers* and *Mercuries*, our humor in *The Phunny Phellon*, our theology in Beecher, our drama in Barnum, our statesmanship in Greeley and Wade, and our happiness in being all exactly and drearily alike, a reaction may be expected which will be in the interest of variety if not in that of

democracy. In the meantime let us in Rome do as Romans do and fling up our caps for "the most senseless and fit man" to be President; by which means we shall be certain to enjoy the advantage of being in any case upon the winning side.

RITUALISM.

WE have hitherto said little or nothing on a subject with which most of our contemporaries have been considerably occupied. We mean the subject of Ritualism. It is not our province to take sides in the contentions which unhappily prevail among the separated fragments of divided Christendom, and still less do we care to become the partisans of either school of any particular church. Hence, as the subject of ritualism seemed at first to concern only the various bodies of the Anglican Communion, and to be properly a matter of controversy between the two great parties of that body, we were not hasty in admitting it to our columns.

Charge it, however, to what cause we please, the fact cannot be ignored that movements of whatever kind in the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States do marvellously affect the current of public thought. It is, to say the least, a sign of *something* that while other religious bodies may do anything they please without at all affecting the tranquillity of Anglicans, the Anglican Communion can make no step without raising a tremendous clamor, pro or contra (generally contra), through the whole religious and irreligious world. Thirty years ago some half-a-dozen members of the University of Oxford published a few tracts, and lo! tractarianism became the topic of the day. Then some men of rather loose theology collected into one octavo volume a few articles contributed at various times to quarterly or other periodicals, and forthwith the reading world was deluged with discussions of this score of Essays and Reviews. Again, Colenso chose to stultify himself by giving to the public an extremely thin discussion of the Pentateuch, accompanied by some account of his conversion by "an intelligent Zulu" to the spiritual faith of Mumbo Jumbo, and behold the world rang with the cry of Heresy in the Church of England! To all this outward pressure the Anglicans, it must be confessed, have paid extremely little regard. Oxford fought a pretty tough fight, and won it. The Essays and Reviews made no fight at all, and were forgotten. Colenso's Mumbo Jumboism was torn into very small pieces, and Colenso simply excommunicated. And while these and other matters in the English Church have stirred the non-Episcopal religious world to the very depths, it does not appear that outside clamor has exercised one particle of influence either on Anglican thought or on Anglican action. One thing it certainly has done: it has gratuitously advertised the Church of England and its various branches with the most extraordinary liberality; so much so, that were we to give a common-sense reason for the unprecedented growth of the Episcopal Church in this country—two to one, at least, in proportion to the growth of population—or for the tremendous inroads of the English establishment on the ranks of the Dissenters, it would be this, that almost every non-Episcopal pulpit and every Non-conformist or merely secular journal has in one way or another kept these churches conspicuously before the minds of the people. Every one in this age knows the value of advertisement and the strange forms in which a cause may be advantageously advertised. Every politician knows the benefit to himself and his party of being roundly abused by the other side. And every church, if it will look back to its own beginning or to the time of its greatest growth, will not fail to see that its most powerful aids have been unreasoning persecution or the senseless outcry of uninstructed prejudice.

It is to its enemies much more than to its friends that ritualism owes its present prominence in the public mind. Notwithstanding the unquestionable growth among us of a higher and purer æsthetic taste, notwithstanding the great revival of church architecture displayed in the ecclesiastical edifices erected during the last ten or twenty years, and notwithstanding the predominance in the Episcopal Church of what is called the Catholic Idea, we are not prepared to say—a few years ago we should, per-

haps, have denied—that the present is a hopeful epoch for the introduction or restoration of high ritualistic worship in any Protestant denomination. To the educated and refined it may be agreeable; to the intelligent Churchman, for whom its ceremonies are visible embodiments of doctrines which he holds in reverence, it may be something more than that. But the masses of the people never are and never can be highly educated nor refined in taste; and the mass of Churchmen are not over well versed in the dogmas even of their own faith. Hence we doubt the likelihood of any very immediate growth of ritualistic observance in a church which strives, as the Episcopal Church claims to be striving, to lay hold upon the masses of a people which, if it is anything at all, is Protestant at least in prejudice.

It is only fair, however, to state the arguments on this point which are given by the favorers of ritualism themselves. They indignantly deny that they have any mission as professors of æsthetics to the rich, the educated, the refined. To such, they say, high ritualism may be and is desirable as an expression of belief and feeling which exist; but to the poor, the uneducated, the half educated—and still more to the neglected and degraded—it is indispensable, both to arouse their latent reverence into adoring worship and to illustrate the verities of faith which otherwise they cannot comprehend. Begin among the masses with doctrinal discussions and they will stare at you, respectfully *perhaps*. Introduce them into a bare-walled barn, give them seats in somebody's high-backed pew, stir them up into devotion with a nasal duet between parson and clerk, edify them with a half-hour homily "delivered" from a three-decker pulpit that it breaks the neck to look at—treat the common people in this way, and it is just possible that they may come back, but whether it is quite worth while for all the good they get is another question. Bring them, on the other hand, into a church whose very walls and windows speak out holy lessons, let them find that it belongs to no man more than to another—that it is their own, in short—let everything that appeals to eye and ear speak only of a God who is present, let every attitude of priest and people speak a sense of that real spiritual presence, follow them to their homes with kindly ministries to the natural man, send men to teach their children and holy women to tend their sick, treat them, in one word, as if it were true that they are members of a flock and as if priests were shepherds, and you will soon find that they will listen to a voice that speaks to them of comfort and refreshment.

Such, it must be confessed, has been not the theory only, but the practical course of the most noted ritualists in England, and such its uniform result. The most desperate parts of London have been invaded, and an amazing amount of good has been accomplished. The loudest opponents of ritualism acknowledge that the most laborious and self-sacrificing priests in England are in one degree or another ritualists. All confess that ritualists alone have effectively organized the services of women for works of charity among the reeking mass of wretchedness which festers in the lanes and alleys of great cities, and the women of these sisterhoods declare that they need ritualism to hold them up in their grand lives of noble self-denial, that it strengthens them when they begin and soothes them when a temporary task has been accomplished with prostration of both mind and body.

Now, our own opinion is that these good men and women support ritualism by their works much more than ritualism supports them in their works. The two things perhaps go together by a kind of necessity; and worldly men will be likely to be very tolerant of a ritualism they care little about, and which at any rate they are not compelled to look at, while they see it side by side with genuine self-sacrifice and unostentatious charity. To anti-ritualists, therefore, we have this to say: The world is sick of idle religious controversies and of newspaper religion in any shape. If, then, ritualism have evil in it, fight it on its own ground; not in the newspapers and the monthlies and the quarterlies, but in the streets and lanes and hells and hospitals and prisons. Persecute it, and it will grow by persecution. Let it alone, and the good alone will live, while that which

is evil or merely useless will be forgotten in the better part. But in any case don't advertise the ritualistic churches. If you talk about them, people will be sure to go to them, and they may keep on going. Don't denounce their worship as being too pretty or too ceremonious or too musical or too anything else; for the present generation has an awkward way of using its own eyes, and beyond question the ritualistic way of doing things has a great attraction for many persons who have heretofore had but small liking for the "Episcopal Church."

We shall shortly endeavor to give the salient points of the ritualistic controversy, which has now become a matter of general interest. We are not ritualistic at all in our own tendencies. Indeed, a contemporary had lately the politeness—our friends are indiscreet enough to say the impudence—to call us infidels. But this subject has of late been so much and so vaguely talked about that we presume there will be no harm, now we have had so much declamation, in giving a few of the facts in the case.

MAXIMILIAN AND SANTA ANNA.

MAXIMILIAN, born archduke, some time ruler of one empire and, but for a sickly child, heir apparent to another, sleeps with his fathers. The deed has been consummated for which the Emperor Napoleon may be partly responsible, but which blackens with an inextinguishable stigma the Mexican name. The murder of this unfortunate prince is entirely in keeping with the traditional cowardice, the bloodthirsty cruelty, the feminine spite which have long been recognized as the national characteristics of his assassins, and which have earned for them the loathing of Christendom, the undisputed contempt of every Anglo-Saxon soldier. By, for the Mexicans, an unfortunate coincidence, their wanton crime comes upon the very heels of an act of clemency in a contiguous nation which, as a sequel to provocation far more bitter to the conquering majority than the course of Maximilian could be to the majority of Mexicans, sets forth his murder in colors more offensive and pitiful by the contrast. It is urged that a certain retributive justice extenuates the course of Juarez and his associates, since Maximilian had caused the execution or some of the Liberal officers. To this it is to be said, first, that, granting the facts, they were necessarily covered by a plea of military necessity which was entirely inapplicable to the retaliation; and, second, that we have strong assurances from sources entitled to credit that Maximilian repeatedly insisted on saving, and actually *did* save in many instances, the lives of officers whom his military tribunals had condemned. But the cases are so far different that a comparison becomes idle on the least survey of the two situations. In the heat of war, with rival parties struggling for existence, actions are performed on both sides in most cases which would never be tolerated or excused under other circumstances. When the emperor was shot war was over. There was not the least pretence of danger from further military measures on the part of the Imperialists. Their cause, long before known to be hopeless, had now absolutely collapsed, and the fact was matter of notoriety. The handful left to Marquez might retire to the mountains, but with far less chance of protracted resistance than Johnson had after the surrender of Lee. Moreover solemn assurances were tendered to the Republican leaders that their captive, if suffered to depart, should never again set foot on Mexican soil. Maximilian was allied by blood or marriage to nearly every reigning family in Europe, and the representatives of their respective nations offered to Juarez every security, exhausted every argument, plead, implored, threatened, but all in vain. The generous nation wanted blood, and blood alone would appease its thirst or assuage its patriotic fury. The people who for forty years have misgoverned themselves rather worse than the most savage African tribes could not forgive even an unsuccessful attempt to introduce among them the intolerable curses of law and order. Notwithstanding a large party among the Mexicans themselves desired the establishment of the empire, none, it seems, in the hour of peril had courage to stand forth and protest against a deed which for needless and dastardly cruelty, outside of Mexico, is almost unparalleled. The Republican lead-

ers have thought proper in this business to treat with contempt the entreaties of the representatives of the great powers of Europe; this they may afford to do, since further infringements of the Monroe doctrine are likely to be indefinitely postponed. They have also passed by with disdainful indifference the humane solicitations of the United States government; how far this will prove to have been a judicious policy remains to be seen.

The shooting of poor old Santa Anna, which seems to have been regarded by his sanguinary captors as a suitable afterpiece to the bloody drama already enacted, is, in some respects, less defensible than the execution of Maximilian; but it is to be remembered that Santa Anna had been the occasion of infinite misery to his country, and that the successive offer of his services to Maximilian and to Juarez deprived him of his last right to be credited with patriotic motives. Neither of these deeds will be forgotten or forgiven. They will do more to sink the credit of the Mexican nation than anything in its history. It is amazing to find writers in our own press seeking to palliate crimes so shocking and so useless. They are the acts of wolves, not men, and as such they deserve to be recorded and expiated.

RAILWAY MISERIES.

A PARAGRAPH in *The New York Times* of a few days since calls attention to the discomfort of railway travel caused by the gratuitous distribution of fuel over the persons and clothing of passengers. The writer adds that this is a case where railroad companies actually waste money to promote the inconvenience of their patrons. This, however, we are inclined to doubt. Prodigality is not usually a corporate sin, and if the companies had yet found any means of utilizing the cinders they scatter so plentifully along the route, we are persuaded they would put it into practice. The only waste, we fear, is a waste of patience and comfort on the part of the hapless traveller. How profusely these are sacrificed no one needs to be told whose malign star has made him a wanderer on the face of the land. To travel all night in a sleeping-car especially is to find one's self on waking a miniature Herculaneum or Pompeii buried under a shower of cinders. And railway dust is so aggravating and persistent, it so worries itself into ears and eyes and mouth, that the plaguest of Egypt's plagues seems happiness by comparison. Water, except in unlimited supply and after indefinite application, brings little relief, and only serves to change the deposit of grime into a coating of liquid mud. Surely it is time to make some progress in the mitigation of this dreadful nuisance. Of what use are easy chairs and palace cars if their conveniences are to be neutralized by this infiction? What benefactor of his race will earn our lasting gratitude and forgetfulness by introducing an engine which shall know how to consume its waste matter? We have gas-consuming stoves, why not cinder-consuming engines? The matter is really one of very serious importance. In a country so extensive as ours, and where there is so frequent a necessity for long journeys, it is quite an object to make travel as pleasant as possible. Safety we can dispense with, but comfort we must have. Inland travel by water is, in a great measure, resorted to only as an escape from the miseries of travel by rail. It is both slower and usually more dangerous; but people will cheerfully submit to the risk of being occasionally blown up or drowned or scalded rather than the certainty of being constantly half suffocated in the cars. Great evils are more endurable than small infictions; a death-wound is often less painful than a scratched finger. And the reason is plain. We are conscious of an amount of fortitude and manliness in bearing up against great misfortune which is quite soothing to our vanity and makes pleasure almost of pain. But these petty, trivial, twopenny annoyances give us all the disagreeables of martyrdom without the compensating crown. The tax on tea, Gesler's cap, were small infictions compared to many that preceded them; but just for that reason they goaded into madness where the others had numbed into despair.

This, however, is only one of many evils which the railway traveller has to put up with as cheerfully as he may. Of course, in the rude, vigorous, careless youth of a land like ours it is idle to look for that attention to beauty and minuteness of detail which suds the cuts and covers the ties of Europe and even of Canada. But among a people who so pride themselves on being practical we have a right to expect some regard for utility and convenience. And in nothing is the comfort of the traveller more intimately concerned or more woefully neglected than in the matter of meals *en route*. We do

not think that we are rash in asserting that no other country in the world is, in this respect, worse off than we. Even in Russia, whose semi-civilization our enlightenment is fond of sneering at, the eating-stations are so excellent and so superior to ours that any comparison would be a sarcasm. *Mugby Junction* is a satire pointed by the infrequency of the abuse which it denounces. With us there is a Mugby Junction at every station. The sawdust sandwiches, too dry to eat, and the sloppy coffee, too hot to drink, are familiar to every American traveller, whose patience and profanity they have exhausted. We have heard of one honorable exception. At Meadville, Pa., on the line of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, there is said to be a hotel owned and conducted by the company where an excellent meal can be procured, with ample time for digestion. What is more to the point, perhaps, in the eyes of railroad directors, the enterprise is said to pay. To be sure, a people who, having been content to bolt fried pork and doughnuts for the space of five minutes, labor under the delusion that they have dined, are scarcely worthy of compassion or succor. But it is impossible for the truly philanthropic mind to regard without a shudder the way in which the free American trifles with his stomach. And there is little doubt that dyspepsia (our national complaint) is, in many cases, brought on, and still oftener fostered, by the irregularity and hideousness of railroad diet.

On some of the roads, as notably on the Baltimore and Ohio, conductors have a disagreeable habit of waking up passengers several times in a night for a somewhat superfluous inspection of tickets. The sudden interruption of slumber is always injurious, so much so that, in the opinion of some physiologists, sleep should never be broken except by the voluntary impulse of the sleeper. And the practice referred to is made doubly hurtful by the difficulty of resuming a slumber once broken on the cars, when few can sleep at all, and where want of sleep so increases the necessary exhaustion of travel.

The clang and clatter and jarring of the train which are not only so unpleasant, but are said seriously to affect the nerves, we presume it is impossible in the present state of our knowledge to obviate. But we do not quite despair of a future millennium of travel when all the improvements we pray for will be introduced and so many more that travelling will become the very pleasantest thing in life, and people will be content only to journey constantly to and fro through deserted lands in swift and noiseless and unsmoky cars. In those blissful days railroad directors will have consciences and railroad conductors manners, and it will not be absolutely necessary to make one's will before starting. Till then let us endure our miseries cheerfully.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF DARWINISM.

DARWIN, in the conclusion of the new and revised edition of his celebrated work on *The Origin of Species*, offers some thoughts on the religious objections which have been made to his theory. He consoles himself under the reflection that similar objections were made to the discovery of the law of attraction of gravity, and he quotes approvingly from "a celebrated author and divine" that "he has gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws." And again he himself says: "To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual."

To the objection that he personifies "Natural Selection" he answers that the very phrase itself is metaphorical, and that we use a similar personification in speaking of nature itself. He closes his remarkable work with the following impressive words: "Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved."

To many worthy persons, both in England and America, the Darwinian hypothesis seems the last word in the teachings of materialism and atheism. This is not an unnatural impression. The human mind delights in bringing the unseen close to the seen, and in attributing

an event whose law is not yet explained to some mysterious and supernatural cause. The daily phenomena of nature, and even the production of the individual organism—however high in the scale—are willingly referred to natural causes. But when the origination of whole "kingdoms of life" is considered, or the formation of great classes of individuals with similar characteristics, even distinguished naturalists cannot avoid abandoning the scientific method and calling in the miraculous act of creation.

A theory which endeavors to explain the marvellous variety and beauty of the material creation, the existence of countless species and genera in all the branches of living organisms, the color of the flower, the shape of the insect's wing, the form of the bird, the organs and adaptations of the shell, the fish, the plant, and the highest animal, by the operation of the simple laws of inheritance and natural selection working on a few primeval forms of life, certainly at first sight appears to remove the Creator far from us. All those exquisite adaptations—the mathematical form of the bee's cell, the instincts of ants and beavers and various animals, the wonderful structure of the eye, the bill of the woodpecker and the rudimentary eyes of the mole, the bucket of the orchid, the ingenious and complicated machinery for fructification in the vegetable world, the organs and form of each great family of living existences so wonderfully suited to its element and its wants—all these, which to the short human sight seemed precisely analogous to the effects produced by the human reason and invention, have to be given up as proving a direct reasoning contrivance from the immediate hand of the Divine Contriver. The old doctrine of final causes, as employed by Paley—an assistance to so many weak in faith, and a stumbling-block to so many—must be abandoned, at least in its ancient form. These adaptations are seen to come from the slow working of a few principles, acting through countless ages, with innumerable failures, and what might be called imperfections, but at length issuing in those admirable, though not yet perfect, contrivances.

Can we wonder that such an hypothesis, if proved true, should seem to the unreflecting mind, or even to many thoughtful intellects, to remove the Creator from the universe and substitute the dry action of law?

But why should this be its effect to the religious mind? As science advances and nature is more and more penetrated, we must all be willing to admit that our previous conception of the Deity and his modes of action, taking our analogies in our own mental states, is necessarily imperfect. The Divine Being may be a contriver, an architect, but not contrive or build as man does. Because he does not mould a bee's cell or put together the machinery of an eye as man would, does not exclude him from his works. It should be remembered that science, under its most material direction, has not been able to separate the Deity from the universe. Even if the as yet unproved hypothesis of the convertibility of forces should be able to demonstrate that all material forces are one, there is yet that one force to be accounted for. If hereafter natural selection be proved the law as the groundwork of the organic universe, and the various kingdoms of life be traced back to but one source or to three or four different sources, we must then explain the origin and the intelligent direction of that one force which lay back of the first germ of life, and which still moves the universe.

The tendency of science is indirectly to acknowledge continually an unknown, mysterious, intelligently-acting power or principle. And though it promises not to seek for the primary cause or even to investigate any theory of the nature of that cause, but simply to note facts carefully and faithfully, and then to generalize them, yet indirectly it may afford to the religious thinker and investigator many solid grounds to confirm his intuitions.

Natural selection simply throws back the power which moves the machinery of the universe. It does not deny it or seek to weaken our belief in it. On the contrary, it strengthens our faith in its intelligent action, and adds to our conception of its grandeur by extending the slow processes, even in framing the simplest forms of life, over atoms of atoms.

To our mind, the thought that each violet which gladdens the eye on a summer morning's walk, each insect that hums in the sunlight, every animal that rustles through the forest leaves, every leaf and flower and bird which refresh ear and sight, have depended for their existence and form and coloring on the nice balancing of forces and the struggle of innumerable forms of life, and the interplay of life and death, of variability and inheritance—all a network of the most complicated forces set in motion countless ages since by the Divine Contriver—is one that, so far from degrading or belittling the conception of God, seems, on the contrary, the one most worthy of Him.

Natural selection, too, is a law which works toward the good, and only the good, of every existing thing; and its application to the slow yet certain development of the mental and moral faculties of man and of certain human races—though not yet made by any philosophical writer—will open a vista of human progress the grandest which has been presented by any philosophy of history, and one eminently in harmony with the Christian conception of the destiny of humanity and of the supernatural power which guides the progress of the race.

Mr. Darwin has wisely not attempted to apply his hypothesis to the derivation of man or the gradual formation of the human faculties. But on his own theory, the physical prototype of man must be some intermediate form between him and the highest *quadruped*, far back in the fossil periods, and the still remoter ancestor of this great family of *vertebrata*, some ancient and strange aquatic animal "furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder." To this idea, unpleasant as it was in the beginning, the religious mind of the day is becoming accustomed. The physical formation of man is looked upon as a matter more and more which belongs exclusively to science.

But on the more perilous question of the gradual formation and transmission of human instincts, and their "selection" and transmutation into faculties and mental and moral powers, the world is not yet willing to leave its conclusions to philosophy or natural science. If anywhere in the long course of the development of organic life it demands a creative act, it is where mind begins. Nor are even the transmutationists united on this great question. Wallace, the co-discoverer of the great law of natural selection, admits that a new era began in the physical history of the world when soul was infused, when the half-human creatures of the pliocene or some earlier age "had too much mind to vary" as do the animals. Darwin must admit a creative act in the origin of the different kingdoms of life; he may also admit it when soul originates. But to a reasoning faith we do not see that it can make much difference whether the Creator now, at some unknown point of the growth of the human germ, inbreathes by miraculous act the soul—"the power of our endless life"—or whether the first appearance of this new and transforming element in the world was the result, ages ago, of forces He had set in motion and which continue still to act by transmission and selection under His supporting power.

CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.,
AUTHOR OF THE DEAN'S ENGLISH, ETC.
GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.

IN Mr. Gould's *Good English* there is much to be commended, much for which we owe him our thanks. His reprobation of errors common to the current literature of the day is timely and valuable, but far more so is the evidence which he brings forward that even our most careful writers are sometimes off their guard—himself among the number.

I at first shrank from exposing Mr. Gould's errors, and that partly for my own sake and partly for his: for my own sake because I feared it would be considered discourteous after his laudatory remarks on *The Dean's English*, and for his sake because adverse criticism might injuriously affect his reputation as an author, and he really has done good service in the field of letters and merits praise rather than reproof. But the very ability displayed in his work magnifies the gravity of the errors it contains, hence the need of a public protest against them. Under these circumstances Mr. Gould will, I trust, while he accepts the criticisms themselves as a mild rebuke for his carelessness, also accept the fact of my writing them as an acknowledgement of the general excellence of his work.

That hastily-written contributions to journals contain errors in grammar and are faulty in construction is not to be wondered at; but that there should be in treatises on those errors the identical faults which those treatises are written to condemn, is a circumstance well calculated to impress all students of the language with the necessity for increased vigilance; for if those who have specially devoted their time to the cultivation of a pure and an accurate style of writing occasionally fail to write correctly, even after their most careful efforts, how numerous must be the faults of those who consider that but little attention on their part is needed to perfect themselves in the knowledge and use of their mother-tongue.

As a lesson, then, which may be instructive to such persons, and as an example of the proneness to error observable in the works of even those who assume the office of public teachers of grammar, let us look at the

composition of Mr. Gould's *Good English*, or *Popular Errors in Language*.

The very title conveys an assurance that great pains have been taken with the book, and this assurance is confirmed by our finding in it such passages as the following. I quote from page 61: "It is not overstating the case to say that Dean Trench, while he is beyond question a writer of general excellence and force, is frequently guilty of extreme carelessness, which, in books of philological criticism, is hardly to be excused." Again, page 116: "The Dean [of Canterbury] can plead neither haste nor inadvertence in his present work; . . . he may be held responsible for every error it contains." Once more, page 131: "And now as to the style of the Dean's book, taken as a whole. He must be held responsible for every error in it; because, as has been shown, he has had full leisure for its revision." Surely such language is not more applicable to Dean Trench and to Dean Alford than it is to him who critically reviews their writings.

There are, in Mr. Gould's book, instances of erroneous judgement, as well as errors of grammar. One of the former occurs in reference to a passage of mine in a criticism on Mr. Marsh's essays. I had said: "That, no doubt, was what he intended to do; but certainly it was not what he did." Concerning this, Mr. Gould remarks that the italicized words should be in the present tense, and not in the past, as I have put them. I differ with him; if a circumstance spoken of exists only in the present, then, of course, the verb must be in the present tense; but if the circumstance existed in the past likewise, we may, at our option, speak of either its past or its present state. That which Mr. Marsh intended to do, and that which he did not intend to do, are as much matters of the past as they are of the present; therefore, my sentence is not incorrect; I say "is not;" but if I chose to speak of the past, I might say, it "was not" incorrect. What would Mr. Gould do with this passage of Scripture concerning Christ: "Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor"? (2 Cor. viii. 9). Christ is as rich now as ever he was, but if you put the verb in the present tense you destroy the force of the argument.

Mr. Gould has done well to notice the common error of confounding the past and present tenses of verbs; but an apter illustration of it may be found in a sentence of his own. On page 186 he says of Kean and Macready: "And the result was that they gained the prize for which they contended; namely, enduring fame." Now, the perpetuity of Kean's and Macready's fame is a matter of the present and of the future, rather than of the past; indeed, if the fame existed in the past only, it could not properly be said to be "enduring." Therefore, it would be more accurate to say: "The result is that they have gained enduring fame."

Another instance is found on page 191. I read: "It is needless for me to add, that your doing so would cost you no effort. You would merely have done what you do every day, without a thought as to how you do it." It seems as if Mr. Gould had here sacrificed grammatical propriety for the sake of avoiding the too frequent repetition of the little word "do." But why did he not reconstruct his sentence?

There is, on page 28, another example of this kind of error; but it is an error in exactly the opposite direction; the present tense is used instead of the past, not the past instead of the present. It is in some sensible remarks concerning the use of the words "beside" and "besides." Mr. Gould says: "Our lexicographers have contented themselves with leaving these two words as they find them in the pages of good and bad writers—jumbled together without any attempt at discrimination between them." The expression "our lexicographers" must, unquestionably, include Johnson, Walker, Richardson, Webster, and others who are dead; how, then, can they be said to "find" those two words in the pages of good and bad writers? Surely there is not in the next world any immortality for the pages of bad writers, whatever there may be for those of good ones! Mr. Gould should have said: "Our lexicographers contented themselves with leaving these two words as they found them in the pages of good and of bad writers." The preposition "of" is needed here, because the writings mentioned are, evidently, not those uncertain writers who sometimes write well and sometimes ill, but two distinct classes of writers, the one, good; the other, bad.

In commenting on the vulgarism of using the word "figure" for "number," Mr. Gould brings forward a passage from Dean Alford's *Queen's English*, where the vulgarism is found, and adds: "Mem. Put that against some of the dean's sneers!" If the dean should happen to read Mr. Gould's *Good English*, he will find that the passage begins thus: "Newspaper usage and oral usage has [they has!] made this word synonymous with

amount;" and I fancy the dean will say with a smile, "Mem. Put that against some of Mr. Gould's sneers!"

Should the dean continue his perusal of the book, he will, doubtless, wince under Mr. Gould's sarcasm on page 133: "Neither of which are taken into account," says the dean. "Comment here is needless," remarks Mr. Gould. But, on page 197, the dean has his revenge; for Mr. Gould says: "He may have studied his way by the chart, and may think that he has mastered its sinuities; but the misleading power of the verse divisions—which seem to be guides and are not—constantly betray [it betray!] him into difficulty." Mr. Gould has forgotten that the nominative to his verb is in the singular.

I strongly urge all students of the languages to acquire a practical knowledge of the game of chess. It tends to produce precision of mind; and, by accustoming the player to weigh well the relative position and influence of every piece on the board, makes familiar and easy to him the task of judging accurately concerning the position and influence of every word in a sentence.

LONDON, June 22, 1867.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, June 22, 1867.

It is a significant fact that, simultaneously with our recent great stride in the direction of popular power, our newspapers and reviews, not excluding those which are written for the especial benefit of the upper classes, have broken out in discussions on the old question so often heard at the time of our first reform bill, What is the use of the House of Lords? Some of these questioners, no doubt, are actuated by a desire that our ancient hereditary upper chamber should bestir themselves, and, by reforming some of the more flagrant vices of their system, save themselves from that rougher handling which may result from the great changes now in progress in the distribution of power in this country; but most of them treat the whole system of a second discussion upon important measures in the House of Peers as a farce which cannot be tolerated much longer unless conducted in a manner totally different from the present. It is notorious that the whole business of the House of Lords is in the hands of very few peers, who collect the proxies of the younger peers and warmly resent any attempts to join in a debate by any nobleman not recognized within their sacred pale. Something of this is due, no doubt, to the very nature of things. In the theory of our constitution the four hundred born legislators who sit in the House of Lords are equal in power to the six hundred and fifty-eight elected representatives who sit in the House of Commons. They have the same power of originating measures—money bills excepted. No bill can become law from which they withhold their sanction, and it is perfectly competent to them to reject the reform bill which is just passing through the House of Commons after so many years of hard fighting. If they do not go as far as this, it is certainly not for lack of the will; for every one knows that there is at all times in that house a large majority entirely opposed to any constitutional change. But the truth is that such an anomaly as an hereditary house of legislature can only exist by not provoking discussion upon its constitution, and the peers know this. They content themselves, therefore, as a rule, with simply obstructing reforms as far as public opinion will permit. It is said that they will pass the reform bill, but will first strike out the clause for enfranchising lodgers; which is very possible, for this is just one of those liberties which they occasionally permit themselves. We are, after all, a good-natured people, and will put up with something if not provoked too far.

None know better than the little knot of peers who form the real power in that house how far they may go in such matters; but while the House of Peers is confined to this sort of negative policy, it is not to be wondered at if the bulk of their number feel little interest in their proceedings. In keeping the younger men in the background, men like Lord Derby or Earl Russell, who have learned business habits in the lower house, are no doubt wise in their generation. If a profligate young nobleman like the Marquis of Hastings, with whose way of life all Paris has lately been ringing, should take it into his head to favor the lords with reasons for his votes, it is quite possible that the result might be some amount

of scandal, or that it might lead men to doubt whether a constitution could really be "the perfection of wisdom" which made such a man nearly equal in legislative power to two members of the House of Commons, representing a constituency of half a million of persons. When we have deducted peers of this kind, there will, of course, still remain a large number who are unfitted to take part in a debate. A man does not necessarily inherit a taste for public business because he inherits a peerage, and if he did he does not always—for nature is a terrible democrat in these matters—inheriting the ability necessary for making a respectable figure in a debate. Above all, the motive is wanting; and the greater number of the peers feel their proceedings to be a sham. Hence, except on great occasions, a debate in the Peers is only a sort of private conversation of half a dozen old gentlemen, or less, who are what are called "law lords"—that is, peers who have been judges and who have been elevated for the express purpose of carrying on the business for which the representatives of our old noble families are unfitted.

Some of the papers threaten to publish an account of the numbers who attend the debates in the Peers which look so important in the reports, and why they have not already done so is not very clear. Others propose that the system of proxies shall be put an end to, and that a "quorum" shall be established; but this would only bring on again the hated question of life peerages, about which we heard so much some ten years since; for no whipper-in can compel hereditary legislators, who have nothing to gain by doing their duty, to hang about the palace of Westminster in expectation of a division. Actual cabinet ministers like Lord Derby, or law lords, to whom business is a habit, are the only class in the house who can be expected to do that. The system of life peerages, judiciously managed, might, no doubt, bring about a more respectable attendance, for it would lead to a wholesale creation of law peers for life. As it is, an enormous proportion of our peers are either lawyers or very near descendants of lawyers; but, in the present system of hereditary peerages, this has obviously its limits. It is very well to get a man of business in the house by creating an old judge a peer; but, as a rule, he soon dies off and leaves a son who is no man of business at all. At this rate our sacred peerage would soon be inundated with new men, and would consequently be degraded in value. The peers would naturally resent this. The life peerage proposal, though strictly a conservative one, for it afforded a convenient alternative, was in an evil hour resisted with success by the House of Lords themselves, every one of whom seems to have been determined to escape the chance of ever being confounded with a mere life peer. From that time it was inevitable that the house should sink lower and lower in public estimation. Nor does there seem any chance of their escaping from that practical impotency for evil to which opinion is rapidly reducing them.

As to our reform bill, there is now little doubt that another month will see it pass into law. The House of Commons, which showed itself so liberal on the question of the franchise, has made a stand against anything like a national redistribution of seats, and we are to retain, for the present, such anomalies as the little town of Guildford, with its eight thousand inhabitants, returning the same number of members as Liverpool, with its half million; for if there is a thing which our legislators look on with abhorrence it is the idea that power is to be conceded to "mere numbers." Yet their obstinate resistance on this point will inevitably lead to something like equal electoral districts, just as their obstinacy in resisting the moderate Whig reduction of the franchise last year has led to the adoption of household suffrage. People will soon begin to see that saying large boroughs shall have no greater power than small is really the same thing as saying that small boroughs shall have a very great deal more power than large. No apologist for the present system has ever yet attempted to show what superiority there is in a Guildford elector to make him deserving of fifty times the power of an elector in Liverpool, nor why half a million of men living in fifty towns should be fifty times as effective in the legislature as the same number who happen to live near together. But if nobody can show this there is really no escape from the doctrine of numbers, or from at least some approach to equal districts.

Literary news is not abundant at this time of year; but I may mention Messrs. Routledge's new magazine, to be entitled *Broadway*, of which your readers have already seen preliminary announcements. The accident that Messrs. Routledge's extensive premises in London are situated on a street called Broadway, near Ludgate Hill, enables them to justify this title to their new venture and to maintain the Anglo-American associations of their house. This, however, is to be by no means the only

international feature in the new magazine. Some very eminent American writers have promised to contribute to its pages. The leading serial will be written by Mr. G. A. Lawrence, author of *Guy Livingstone*, and will be entitled *Breakpear, or the Fortunes of a Free Lance*. It will be a story, I believe, of those early feudal times of English history in which the late Mr. Edgar delighted. It will contain eighty pages, price sixpence monthly, and among its English contributors will be Mr. G. A. Sala, who has written a very clever prospectus; Mr. Edmund Yates, who contributes a series of papers on society; Mr. Hollingshead, who will write dramatic criticisms in his clever outspoken way; the Rev. J. M. Bellow; Robt. Buchanan; F. C. Burnand; H. J. Byron; Amelia B. Edwards; Tom Hood; Charles Knight; Samuel Lover; John Oxenford; Percy Fitzgerald; Ernest Grist; T. W. Robertson; Hesba Stretton; Mrs. Riddell; W. H. Russell, of *The Times*; Arthur Skelchley; Moy Thomas, and others. The editor is Mr. Edmund Routledge.

Hotten, of Piccadilly, has just published a little volume purporting to be a narrative of the adventures of the *Dauen*, a blockade-runner built on Captain Symonds's principle of two screws, which was captured after running into Wilmington so many times during the war. It is said that her captain, who called himself Roberts, was a post-captain in the British navy and the son of a nobleman here. He entitles his book *Never Caught*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

REFORM IN THE ASSEMBLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In an article published in *The Round Table* of May 11, under the above heading, you propose a scheme for altering our present elective system so as to secure a representation of minorities which will avoid the complexities of Mr. Harle's plan while it retains its excellences. If I do not misunderstand you, your aim is to ensure the maximum of representation to the people, the greatest independence to the voter, and the highest standard of merit in the representatives, at the same time that you reduce the power of the demagogue to the minimum: in other words, the freest choice of candidates, the greatest certainty that votes will not be given in vain, the maximum of purity and ability in those returned, and the least chance for political wire-pulling.

I cannot help thinking that, in your efforts at simplifying, you have overlooked some important considerations which will make your scheme to a great extent abortive. Let me set some of the difficulties of your plan in the foreground before I suggest a remedy. You state: "We have fixed the number of voters entitling to a seat at 2,500, assuming that we want to obtain about 300 members. Instead of prescribing the number necessary to constitute a house, we establish only the number of voters which shall suffice to make up a constituency."

I infer from this and subsequent passages that less than 2,500 votes cast for a candidate are so many votes wasted; also, that where more than 2,500 votes are cast for the same candidate the superfluous ballots are wasted. Thus all candidates who are too popular would damage the party, and the party would use its influence to nominate men who would only draw an average vote. All those candidates who can only command a small vote, however great their talents or integrity, would be arbitrarily excluded, thus negating three of the very objects for which the reform is introduced—the maximum of representation to the people, the election of superior candidates, and the curtailment of political jobbery. Let us now look at two extreme cases as affecting the rights of majorities and minorities respectively, the voters in the state being 75,000, the number of votes necessary for a choice being 2,500, and the number of members being indeterminate.

Suppose the case of a majority party of 400,000, able to return only 160 members, but, judging itself stronger than it is, should scatter its votes among 175 candidates, it is quite possible that this party may return only 100 members to the legislature. The minority party, however, either by accident or better management, returns its maximum of 140 members. Here the party in a minority of fifty thousand constituents has a majority of 40 votes in the Assembly.

Now for the other extreme. This time the majority underestimates their number and concentrate their votes on too few candidates. They cast 4,000 votes for each, the minority acting as in the former case. Here, again, while the majority party has cast its full vote, it is shorn of its power the moment it enters the state capital in the persons of its representatives, because they are in a minority of 40, although they represent a majority of 50,000 electors.

Now for the case of a minority party of 4,900 electors. If it should run two candidates, it might elect neither; if it runs only one, 2,400 votes are deliberately wasted; so that it must take the certainty of partial disfranchisement in order to avoid the possibility of a total loss of political power. Indeed, according to your scheme, it is quite possible that the mutation of parties might result, by concentration of votes on one set of candidates and diffusion of them upon another set, in a disfranchisement of more than half the electors of the state. It is no argument to say that a rectification of such miscalculations can be effected at the next election, for the system should be sufficiently perfect to prevent the possibility of such wholesale disfranchisement.

To my view, the ideal of a representative government is that in which the elector has the fullest freedom not

only to choose the measures which he approves, but also to choose the men who shall advocate those measures; for I cannot see upon what principle of justice or of expediency the law should deprive a community of the right to doubly endorse a candidate who has more than ordinary ability combined with more than average morality, by casting 5,000 votes for him. Nor, when the full number of 300 members is not made up, in consequence of the votes being so divided that many candidates have received less than the arbitrary 2,500, why the law should decide that a minority party of 2,000 should be refused a hearing in the state councils.

The modifications which I propose—I do not claim them as original—would have the effect of preventing any such difficulties as I have pointed out:

1. The number of members to the Assembly shall be restricted to 300, but the people may return a less number if they choose.

2. No arbitrary number of voters shall be set to determine what shall be a constituency.

3. If less than 300 members are elected by constituencies of 2,500 and more, then the number of representatives shall be made up of those candidates who have received less than 2,500 votes, but whose pluralities are the highest.

4. Each member elect, each time he votes on legislative questions, shall cast as many proxies as he has constituents. If they number 10,000, then he casts 10,000 proxies; if fifty, then only 50 proxies.

5. On rules of order or in committees or on questions which do not form any part of the business of legislation, each member shall cast only one vote.

The last proposition makes each member equal to every other upon the floor, the fourth gives him only that power in the general legislation to which the numerical strength of his constituency entitles him, and secures the maximum of representation where a concentration of votes would lead to disfranchisement according to your plan. The third proceeds on the assumption that every seat made vacant by concentration of votes is an opportunity for seating a minority candidate, thus securing the maximum of representation where votes are scattered. The second is a necessity of the following ones, while the first is necessary to restrict the expenses of the legislature, by restricting the number of those who are to receive a salary for their services, and, in case less than 300 candidates should enter the field, to make a less number a legal Assembly.

Remarks.

Our correspondent forgets that simplicity is essential. Without it there is no hope of carrying this reform. His method reintroduces, in another shape, complications and contingencies in the assignment of the votes after the election; which is the objection to Mr. Hare's plan. In straining after too perfect a system we lose all. If we can free ourselves from unvarying obedience to local nominating conventions we shall have gained very much. He underrates the vigilance of party organizations if he supposes they will allow any large number of votes to be wasted. Most of us take our tickets at the polls as we find them prepared for us. We have no belief that under the plan we propose territorial representation would, in practice, be given up. Men adhere to old habits, and men living in neighborhoods would usually unite to form a constituency. Territorial representation would still be the rule—the freedom of individual men to depart from the rule would merely serve as a check upon bad nominations and afford to hopeless minorities a chance to make themselves felt, if they use the chance. Suppose, what is very unlikely, that some popular man was to get 50,000 votes; then there would be nineteen fewer members in the Assembly for that year—that's all. It would not happen a second time. His friends in this city have now the right to vote in a body for Governor Seymour, of Utica, as an assemblyman, but they never do so foolish a thing. Give the people a simple method by which they can, if they choose, make themselves more fully represented, and trust to them to work it out without waste of strength. We do not wish to do away with territorial or neighborhood representation; we want something that will merely play around the edges of the old system, cutting off abuses. A perfect and complete representation we do not expect to get; but better and fuller representation than we now have, and better men in public life, we do count on under our simple method. If we can get improvement we are content not to cry after perfection. If only one hundred and twenty-eight men should happen to be chosen some year under our plan, which would be at the cost of many votes that were cast not telling, yet these one hundred and twenty-eight would better represent the people and represent less the professional politicians than do the present one hundred and twenty-eight. They would be to a larger extent representative men. No method which seeks by minuteness of detail to avoid all evils great and small will commend itself to the popular mind for adoption or be intelligible in practice. The casting of more than one vote by a member of Assembly would not, at present, be tolerated.—EDS. ROUND TABLE.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

DRAPER'S AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.*

THIS volume, though only the first of three, is, as the author tells us in his preface, a complete book in itself, its aim being to trace our late civil war back to its causes. In its array of historical facts it comes down only to the beginning of the rebellious outbreak of the South. The coming volumes will contain the actual history of the war. Prof. Draper's theory is that "the national life of the American people has been influenced by uncontrollable causes," exemplifying "the great truth that societies advance in a preordained and inevitable course." He is evidently of an opposite school of thinkers to that of the Duke of Argyll. The latter, equally with Prof. Draper, is ready to recognize the laws of nature, but still believes that the human will is left by the Creator free "within the bounds of law;" and consequently that men and nations can control their own moral character in spite of the material facts that surround them.

The recital of the history of this continent, its first settlement by Europeans, and its political progress down to Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, is well arranged and so condensed as never to tire the reader. The facts are, of course, brought in to support the theory of the author, which is that the late civil war was due to material causes over which men had no control, and that therefore nobody was to blame. How this theory can be made consistent with the winding-up phrases, in which he tells us that the guilty North is now suffering remorseless taxation and the more guilty South enduring still heavier punishment, and that all this punishment comes for past guilt from the Angel of Retribution, it is hard for us to see. If our climate, as he insists, is alone to blame for all the horrors of the civil war, then the Angel of Retribution should visit the weather and not innocent mankind. Nor can we understand how a philosopher who attributes all men's deeds to the isothermal zone in which they happen to live can justify himself in looking forward with pleasure, as he evidently does, to the retribution still in store for England on account of her part in our late strife. His theory is that climate, with irresistible power, controls and shapes the doings and destinies of nations. If so, we all know England has a very bad climate, with harsh, temper-souring east winds, and we ought, therefore, to look upon her misdeeds with pity, not with a longing for vengeance. Prof. Draper aims to write with impartiality and in no partisan spirit; and succeeds as well as could be expected when treating of events so recent. He gives us a fair view of the growth of sentiment in the South towards separation from us and of the opinions prevalent for many years in the South and in the North regarding each other, which finally became so antagonistic as to provoke both into a temper fit for open war. He does not claim for the Puritans an early abstract dislike of slavery; on the contrary, he clearly admits that they saw no harm in slavery or in the slave trade in the early days when it was profitable to them. But with time their interest in slavery grew small because black slaves in their climate were found to be of little or no profit, and their anti-slavery feeling grew stronger. He seeks to do no injustice to the southern people, and recognizes the loftiness of the feeling which led the border states, opposed to the secession movement as they were, to cast in their lot finally with the seceded states when the hardships of open war had to be endured. There is little in his recital of facts with which we find fault nor much in his ordinary inferences from them. As a historian, he is far above Mr. Greeley and others who have undertaken to give us accounts of these things; above them not merely in style but in fairness. It is evident he would not descend to the petty trick of altering or suppressing a speech in order to save a favorite politician. He runs counter to the prevalent sentiment in the Phillips, Greeley, and Beecher school about the negro, and insists that the intermixture of their base blood with ours will inevitably lead not to elevation of the negro, but to the degradation of the entire mass of our nation. The negro, he claims to prove, has no proper abiding place on this continent. There is no climate in America like that in which he flourishes in the old world. The isothermal lines which in Africa bound on the north and the south the negro's proper home take in no part of this continent except the Isthmus of Panama. If that had been expanded into wider dry land east and west, a home here for the negro would have been provided by nature; there being no place for him, the black man

was not found indigenous here. His only proper home in this part of the world, as shown by isothermal lines, is under the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and we rather infer that the professor would be glad to see the whole black race driven into that watery abode as soon as possible.

It is with Prof. Draper's theories about human responsibility that we are disposed to quarrel. The Duke of Argyll has well exposed the narrow-mindedness of those who profess to be great students of Nature and her laws; how they study what each of them can, in a short life, of Nature and her laws, and easily lead themselves to the belief that what little they know must be enough to explain all things; how they profess to generalize, when, in fact, they are trying to stuff a universe into their one particular crucible; how Nature, obviously to every man's senses, includes much that chemistry cannot get hold of; how few, as yet, are the facts upon which some men refer all things to material causes. It is not at all singular that a professor of chemistry should be led by the narrowing effect which all special studies are apt to have upon the mind—it is in the usual course of things for a professor of chemistry to ascribe all the phenomena of human conduct to heat and cold. Heat is one of the things about which he knows most—that is, in its effects; of its nature and of its cause he knows nothing. That climate will modify men is undoubtedly true, and it is probably also true that a certain zone in Africa is the home exclusively of the negro; that other races could not live in so pestilential a climate, or would live only to be degraded into the like of its present inhabitants. But when the professor speaks of climate as the one great cause of political events, as an influence upon human affairs as irresistible as fate; when he speaks of our being able to predict with accuracy what will take place in a certain zone from what has heretofore occurred in isothermal regions elsewhere, he ignores moral influences more completely than does Buckle. The latter claims that all human improvement is due to mere intellectual progress, distinguishing the intellectual from the moral faculties, setting up smartness above character, knowledge and skill above wisdom. Prof. Draper goes down lower and seeks in merely material causes the explanation of all human action, good or bad. Nevertheless, he seems to be aware at times of the dangerous doctrine he is preaching, as when he says: "How numerous are the historical incidents to which we might refer in proof of our capability of delivering ourselves from the action of natural laws, though we cannot modify their character nor arrest their operation." This is not a very intelligible sentence, but we can see in his own mind was a latent fear he was stating too strongly his supposed truth, to wit, that "we find the true causes of great political and social convulsions, of sectional hatred and national attachments, in the shining of the sun and the falling of rains," and that to "nature" and not "to the machinations of statesmen or the ambition of kings" is due the blame for all the slaughter and oppression to which the mass of mankind have been subjected. The drift of his whole work is towards fatalism, predestination, and the like, and it calls to our mind the sermons we heard in our youth in Presbyterian churches in this city, maintaining that God had ordained a classified portion of the human race to happiness hereafter and another portion to damnation; that no efforts of our own could change this decree in our individual case; and that, in pursuance of this preordination, there were "infants in hell not a span long." We remember one very powerful and eloquent Presbyterian divine among us, with whom this was a favorite theme, who became afterwards, under the operation of some law or other, crazed and imbecile. When Prof. Draper, in speaking of the civilization of the early Mexicans, lets drop this expression, "the imperial government of the Aztecs had an organized priesthood whose creed and ritual displayed the inevitable phases through which the opinions of human societies pass," it will be seen that we do not judge harshly when we claim that the tendency of his book is, however unintended, not only to materialism and fatalism, but to utter unbelief in pure religion and in the permanency or validity of any religious truth. The phase of belief in which Abraham and Job are made known to us is much earlier in date than that of the Aztecs, and there are no facts to indicate that their faith was an outgrowth from earlier phases of ritual or belief like those of the Aztecs. There is no more to prove that idolatry and other inferior forms of religion are earlier phases out of which pure religion grows than there is to prove them lapses from an earlier and purer belief. The scientific professor is generalizing, as the Duke of Argyll has so well shown such men are apt to do, upon a very limited knowledge of facts.

In one or two sentences the partisan spirit will peep

* *History of the American Civil War.* By John W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, etc., in the University of New York. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

out, as when he seems to connect slavery and free trade together as common antagonists to the industry of the North. With the narrative part of his book we have, as we said before, little fault to find; but in his philosophy it seems plain to us he has let his hobby run away with him. We believe the leaders of secession were guilty both of deliberate sin and of folly: of sin, because no rights of theirs had been infringed; and of stupendous folly, because, as they now see, their rights, fancied or real, were more easily protected in the Union than out of it. While we believe the punishment of the southern people is sufficient without our seeking further vengeance, we are not disposed to free them from moral responsibility for their acts by shifting it all off on the broad shoulders of material nature. Such a doctrine leads inevitably to the moral degradation of mankind, and is another proof of what we have long seen to be true, that the real nurseries of infidelity among us are ill-regulated theological schools, pulpits filled by ignorant and vainglorious preachers, hypocritical religious newspapers, and badly-disciplined religious colleges.

LONGFELLOW'S DANTE.*

It has always been remarked that seasons of great commotion in the state have been signalized by concomitant feats of intellect in the study or the laboratory. They have followed as surely as the amassment of great fortunes in the classes that are usually found in that line of promotion have followed, when commissariats are to be supplied and wide fluctuations in the value of commodities can be turned to advantage. The material prosperity is more apparent to the contemporary; the intellectual enhancement we may have to wait years to discover. A fine mind of the æsthetic order shrinks and becomes concentrated in the worldly atmosphere at seasons of such commotion, and once withdrawn, like Goethe, the roar of cannon little disturbs it, since it works for the hour of peace, secure in its recognition then, and as necessary to the national glory as the fame of the general. Girding on the sword is emphatic, an action underscored in the annals of patriotism, and risking perhaps all on a hazard. But if not so garish, there is something not less noble, because more confiding, in the intellectual warrior who knows that the time must come when the fruits of his conquests will not be without honor.

In the years of our recent civil war, when impelled by the past our armies were fighting for the future, we may not yet know by what triumphs of retracy, urged by a looking forward to the time when in the wavering of destiny peace should be the rule, the past was compassed, its lessons mastered, its legacies accounted for, and its choicer spirits made one with the combatant. To the scholar and the poet, whose literary reputation is beyond doubt that which most avails us in countries not our own—to him who now for a generation has made an even ascendancy, it was not surprising that in the hour of our country's dimmest dole there should be some beckoning spirit to lure him from the strife.

In one of the introductory sonnets to his *Dante* Mr. Longfellow has likened himself to a weary and dust-covered laborer putting off his burden at some cathedral door, and entering for quiet and communion apart from the indistinguishable roar of the city. And so at that time, as the temple of *The Divine Comedy* daily receives its devotee, it is that

—“the tumults of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs die away
While the eternal ages watch and wait.”

Mr. Longfellow had good reason to suppose that a new English study of Dante would be acceptable to the few, at least; and perhaps he counted on the hazard in attempting that which must be caviare to the general. It was not the first time that he had presumed on his ordinary welcome and taken a risk. There had been no one to succeed in making the masses accept the hexameter when he swung to increased favor in *Evangelina*. In *The Golden Legend* he did not hesitate to acquaint the common mind with what in the Goethean *Fiust* our American appreciation was little fitted for, but he succeeded by dint of that rare poetic tact which he possesses, and which carries him to the right limit and no farther. *Himneatha* was a venture that not another among us could have dared, and that not even himself can repeat with impunity. He was as bold in assimilating Dante as in either of these, and even bolder. Mr. Longfellow has never heretofore produced an unpopular book; his pecuniary revenue has been as incessant as his general acceptance. The sumptuous and costly volumes which now lie before us debar in themselves the immediate popularity of this, in some respects, the most important and

most challenging of his efforts. Until reprints follow in all the varieties of editions that his publishers are puzzled how to augment, we must wait for the actual test of circulation which a smaller price for the work can only secure to an extent suitable to afford comparisons, then it will be seen how far his general reputation can overcome the distaste that can but be predominant among the great body of his admirers for the motive and poetry of *The Divine Comedy*.

A poet less confident than Mr. Longfellow in his ability to transmute the Dantean spirit, so that it can work among us for its own behoof, would not have avoided some meretricious, or perhaps we should say external, helps. Cary, Parsons, and other of the more familiar translators, with their rhetoric or their graceful symmetry, did not forget what the English ear is used to nor ignore the readiest way to please the English sense. Leigh Hunt spoke of this extraneous effect when he charged most of the translators with trying to give a grand and worshipful idea of Dante, by a tone the reverse of his passionate, practical, and creative style—a matter that rendered him the least pervertible of poets in a sincere prose translation. There are passages of this translation of Mr. Longfellow's that, in pursuance of an exact correspondence, seem to us as little removed from prose as was likely to be the case with poetry so antagonistic to what the English sense associates with verse as much of *The Divine Comedy* is. Indeed, there is frequently a succession of his seeming stanzas that one would rather find in prose than in that sort of tortuous sense and inverted phrase that resembles nothing else—let us be thankful—in English literature. There are other parts (and by far more easily retained in our memories of the grand whole) which seem to us prose indeed, but a sublimated prose, a prose that is as near verse as it can be without being it absolutely, and which we can hardly wish to transcend that limit. The fact is, the cadence of the line, as Longfellow makes it, is unwonted, and sooner accepted by our reason than by our ear. Again, in some passages there is an easy flow, and we read on enchanted by nothing but the language, as a brother bard but the other day celebrated his song,

“Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds,
Smooth as our Charles, when fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.”

It is as graceful and as alluring to our sympathies as the preliminary parry and thrust of some sable, saturnine Hamlet, whipping his lithe rapier, before he tries its temper in the actual encounter. Then comes the earnest passage, just as provocative of the reader's wonder; but of a sudden there is a confusion, a blind staggering, a change of weapons, back-handed utterances, and “many are amazed and many doubt.” We review it all, perhaps get a cue, feel not a little vexed at the *contresens*, and utter maledictions upon all slaves of crotchets. Mr. Longfellow has often been pronounced no critic of anybody's works but his own; and when Dante gets the upperhand of him, he is as spanielled as a whipped cur, and sometimes as discordant.

The plea, of course, is that Dante should have the upperhand; but it strikes us that a translator's duty is something like a commercial broker's, whose business it is to bring his divergent principals to some common ground of agreement, while perhaps they share the burden of the commissions. In other words, Mr. Longfellow had not only duties to perform towards Dante, but others towards his English readers; and unless he could bring them into accordance the labor might be well-nigh lost. There were some sacrifices to be made on both sides. His scholarship might secure a sort of linguistic draft in favor of Dante upon the English comprehension; but unless it were payable at sight, there were bars to its general negotiation. And there are passages to be met with here and there in this version when a glance will not suffice to unravel the translator's meaning, not to speak of the Dantean something lying behind.

It is easy to conceive that these rifts in our enjoyment of the work are not any more conducive to our satisfaction with it because we learn that they are done on principle. Without going into detail, it is enough to say that the translator put before him the task of a literal correspondence for his verse, almost word for word and cadence for cadence, to the original, save in the one particular of rhyme; and this he eschews to enhance the success of the others. It is one of those crotchets that sometimes lowers the artist to a literary handicraftsman. It is sometimes unreasoning, as in the case of the French dramatist, who would not desist until he had run through the entire alphabet for initial letters to his plays. Other times it is so ostensibly rational, as in this case, that no labor is too exhaustive if the theory invites it.

There is no truth more demonstrative than exceptions prove the rule. It was a good rule with the translator of Dante that this correspondence might work marvels, and in pages after pages here it has; but it needed more critical acumen than Mr. Longfellow is adjudged to possess to say when it should give way to something more important, where the two were incompatible, and so by the exception prove the rule. That Mr. Longfellow felt bound to carry through to the uttermost limit his theory of translation, scorning to modify it according to the temporary demands of the tongue himself has done so much to adorn, is the strongest evidence he has yet afforded that his culture is losing some of the amenity of the past years and becoming rigid. When Dr. Johnson was treated to some difficult music, he exclaimed, “Difficult, sir! Would it were impossible!” We felt often of the doctor's mind when we saw how Mr. Longfellow has surmounted some of his difficult points. Had he been a less dexterous word-twister, he would have given Dante the slip and written better English in several passages.

Matthew Arnold accounted for Mr. Longfellow's happy and prevailing acceptance with the world on the ground that he so succeeds in imparting largely his own personal attractiveness to his works. There is nothing that he has published so devoid of suavity of genius as this Dante; it has all and perhaps more than his usual skillfulness, but it has a very little of his customary attractiveness. We are never led as by the gossamer thread of his fancy, or as by the pillar of fire that his imagination has sometimes become. He has at all events abandoned himself for the sake of Dante, except so far as he is still at times a most delectable picker of words. This is a charm in itself without question, but it demands more cognate scholarship than the masses, who stamp a work with popularity, can meet it with. Steevens has been abundantly berated for declaring that it would take an act of parliament to make readers of the sonnets of Shakespeare, and that insatiable rascal doubtless would have found another channel for his devilish purpose, had he lived in our day, when, if not popular, the sonnets are still recognized as current coin. But Shakespeare's sonnets, we suspect, will be in cowherds' mouths before a tithe of those who grasp eagerly for a new production of the Cambridge poet will read to its close a single one of these three portentous volumes.

Yet Longfellow's fame as a poet does not rest in the future with the like of the mass who now honor themselves in doing honor to him. The final judgement will be pronounced by a different tribunal, and one, moreover, better able to measure the extent of his merit in this version of Dante. That it will then conduce to enhance his standing is most likely. For its present unpopularity we by no means would make Mr. Longfellow wholly responsible. Dante himself has nothing attractive to a generation which has fed on the “syrops tinct” with splendors of modern English poetry; and it is enough to say that Mr. Longfellow has too faithfully reproduced him. This was his purpose, and so far his success is perfect. But there is something in the portraitist's art beyond realism, and we hold as much of the translator's. We do not put Cromwell's wart above Cromwell's spirit, and, if we see the spirit we forget the wart. *The Divine Comedy* has a spirit and warts. We could dispense with the warts, and not miss the spirit.

MODERN ENQUIRIES.*

BOSTONIANS long ago learned to know that when, like tan in the street, a file of two or three physicians' chaises in front of a house told of family anxieties and the last resort of a medical consultation, they were pretty sure to notice on the blinkers of the horse attached to one of these vehicles a large silver annular ornament, which designated the owner to be the most eminent probably of his profession in Boston. That same ring is stamped in gold on the back of the volume before us, and we cannot but look upon it as the symbol of a rounded life, which has concentrated its eighty years about the great beneficent thought of ameliorating the condition of life and abetting the struggles of a recuperating nature. When Dr. Bigelow was a student Boston was a town of some twenty-odd thousand inhabitants, about the size of its suburb of Roxbury, which it is now seeking to gather under its municipal wing, and it is fifty-five years since he printed in *The New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery* the paper *On the Early History of Medicine*, the first in date which appears in the book in hand. A little over fifty years since our young physician, already having acquired a local reputation and become marked for his explorations in botanical science, was selected to fill

**The Divine Comedy of Dante*. Translated by H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

**Modern Enquiries: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous*. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

the Rumford professorship at Harvard as its first incumbent, and the address he delivered on taking the chair was a memorial of the life and works of the founder of that office. In that address he urged the young men before him not to neglect the pursuit of distinction in science out of the mistaken notion that our country did not offer the opportunities of the old world, with its large establishments and expensive endowments, since the avenue to this signal position might by every one be found within the circle of his own walks and open to his unassisted industry. Dr. Bigelow's own career has been a good commentary on his prevision, and the manifestations of that career in this collection of essays—exceptional recitations, as he calls them—of a long and busy professional life, not unexpectedly take the shape of innovations or departures from opinions which were more or less prevalent at the time of their publication. It is by such iconoclastic spirit, which the docile and gregarious speculations of the time are sure to engender by reaction, that advances are always made. There's hope in extravagance, there's none in routine, says Emerson; and science now hardly points to a greater example of this seemingly rash induction, oversetting prescribed notions and almost remodelling its system, than Goethe's vagary, as it seemed, of the leaf as the botanical unit—a superb instance of poetic divination. So our good doctor, with just a trace of self-gratulation, looks back upon the existing opinions of past times and notes how it has been his fortune in these few desultory records of his insight to find an excuse for their publication at the time in the same persistent zeal, "not always according to knowledge," which gives itself followers in a beaten track. When an innovation is established and we see its fruitful benefits, we are apt to wonder at the lack of wisdom in those whose routine it overturned. When we travel over our country and mark the great number of beautiful suburban cemeteries, we may well pause to think how long our cities endured the crypt and the over-crowded churchyard, because no one presented himself to plead for other conditions as a benefit to our health and a fitter sanctuary for our memorials. Not much more than a life time ago, Mount Auburn was a "Boston notion," and one of the papers of this noteworthy volume is a discourse in furtherance of the then novel idea, which was delivered before the Boston Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. "The project," says the author in a brief prefatory note, "was originally conceived, the preparatory meetings called, the land selected and engaged, and the larger public structures designed by himself at different times." These conversions of forest sanctuaries in the neighborhood of so many of our cities to purposes so dear may well make the originator of the system an object of interest to the country at large.

In the domain of his professional experience the influence of Dr. Bigelow, in his own city at least, has been marked and ameliorative. He puts it in his own words, that he had grown up among the prevalent opinion of his class, that the removal of human physical maladies could be mainly, if not solely, practicable through the application of drugs and medicines, and by resort to perturbative and often violent measures. In 1835 his discourse on *Self-limited Diseases* gave a new title to the science, and new views upon the practice of the healing art, that cannot but have worked for the physical advantage and the most healthful understanding of the community where his influence was greatest, and by example elsewhere. It was needed that somebody, whose opinions could have weight, should stay the too common practice of perturbing still further a system already disordered under the plea of "heroically" eradicating disease that will have its way. Dr. Holmes, referring to this former practice, says: "The tongue was a little coated, and mercury must be given; the skin was a little dry, and the patient must take antimony. It was like sending for the constable and the posse comitatus when there is only a carpet to shake or a refuse barrel to empty." And again, in another place of the discourse in question, he says that it "has given the key-note to the prevailing medical tendency of this neighborhood (Boston), at least, for the interval since its delivery;" and it is well known that Dr. Holmes has been a thorough follower of Dr. Bigelow in his views as respects the efficacy of nature's own processes in working to a happy end. "If there is any state or city," says the younger doctor, "which might claim to be the American headquarters of the nature-trusting heresy—provided it be one—that state is Massachusetts and that city is its capital;" and there we may trace its first declaration in this discourse of Dr. Bigelow's, which formed subsequently a part of his volume *Nature in Disease*, published in 1854, where appeared also, as well as in a second edition in 1859, several of the tracts of the present issue. That on the *Death of the Elder Pliny* is a curious instance of the application of science to the inter-

pretation of the accounts which the historians have preserved to us of his death. After reviewing all the testimony, which had been usually thought to point to a death by suffocation, the doctor says, in conclusion, that "a medical man may be excused for believing that Pliny died from apoplexy following unusual exertion and excitement, or possibly from a fatal crisis in some disease of the heart previously existing." On the question of homoeopathy Dr. Bigelow takes as decided grounds as Dr. Holmes, but is somewhat more temperate, or at least less pungent, in designating its character. At all events, he is quite as much disturbed at its introduction as a countervail of the word "allopathy," based on erroneous generalization, as he believes it, and calculated to work great deception with the unthinking. It is well known that Dr. Bigelow is among the number who have led in taking strong ground in the negative on the question of the contagion of cholera, and his paper on that subject is included in the present volume.

Within a year or two past our author has been prominent in the support and a promoter of the foundation of the Boston Institute of "Technology"—a title that owes its origin among us, we believe, to Dr. Bigelow himself, who first applied it in 1829 in the name of the volume, *Elements of Technology*, which contained the lectures of his Rumford professorship, published on his resignation of the office. This institution—which has been patronized by the state of Massachusetts and now occupies a fine and new edifice in the newer part of the city, which has been largely endowed by private bequest—is a vigorous effort in the direction of substituting for the usual classical curriculum a system of science and the modern tongues, as more in accordance with the needs of our present life and as quite as efficient in the training necessary to the standard of a "liberal" education. This position is assumed by Dr. Bigelow in his two discourses on the *Limits of Education* and on *Classical and Utilitarian Studies* with something of the zeal of youth, and, as the friends of the old classical routine may presumably think, with something of its folly. Dr. Bigelow himself has some suspicion of such charges, we fancy, and in his dedication of the present volume to Prof. Ticknor he reverts to a reminiscence of that gentleman, who recalled to his friend how in their youthful days they used to lie "on the carpet and read Homer together;" and adds, "If I seem recreant to the pleasing associations of those times, it is because I am swept along with the progress of the age, and have become disciplined in some measure to replace delightful visions with more arduous and growing realities." We have not space to review our author's grounds in these discourses, but he undertakes to show that the true cause of the great change effected in European civilization four centuries ago was not the revival of classical learning but the discoveries made in physical sciences and the arts.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE Wearing of the Gray; being Personal Portraits, Scenes, and Adventures of the War. By John Esten Cooke, author of *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, *Stonewall Jackson*, etc. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. 1867.—Mr. Cooke is chiefly known to our literature as the author of some very fair romances, individualized and sometimes disfigured by a certain overdrawn sentimentality that marks all his writings; and it really seems as if on attempting history he had been unable quite to rid himself of the influence of his old *métier*. Certainly there never were, outside of romance, such sanguinary heroes as the rebel captains who career so recklessly through his pages; one must turn to Turpin and Froissart for their counterparts. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Cooke does them injustice by comparing them so repeatedly to Murat; for Murat, apart from a cavalry charge, was but a sorry knave, only fit to be King of Naples and then die, altogether lacking the knightly virtues that shine so resplendent in Mr. Cooke's *subrears*. *Cœur de Lion* and Bayard, Prince Rupert and Sir Philip Sidney, do better; best of all, the ingenious mixture of Sir Philip and Murat wherein alone our author is content to find a parallel for Ashby. We are not certain, however, but that any comparison does them injustice; they are so extremely *out generis*, so incredibly valiant and rebellious. Terrible fellows they are, these Southern cavaliers of Mr. Cooke, with their menacing eyes and floating plumes, who think no more of charging and routing a regiment of Yankees than of going down the middle in a Virginia reel with that immitable grace and courtesy so peculiarly their own; who are irresistible alike in bower and battle; who ride into the fray gayly humming a snatch of song; pause long enough to cleave a luckless mudsill from chin to chin with the "hard steel battle-axe" which they wield so effectively, and finish in a burst of uproarious hilarity; who fight best at odds of four to one and prefer five; who are all so pure and chivalrous and brave, Sir Galahads for chastity, Sir Lancelots for valor. Where shall we look upon their like again? Is our mental, mournful reflection as we regard these portraits. For of course they are all dead—the best of them, at least; the ones most like Murat and Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney;

the heroes who never drank whiskey, nor swore, nor played poker—luxuries to which, we fear, their few surviving comrades are unjustifiably prone. The good die first always; and it was scarcely to be expected that Stuart and Ashby and the rest of them could go on forever with impunity, charging an army while all the world wondered; we knew that some day or other they would surely come to grief. Yet they could scarcely have anticipated the fate of being exposed to Mr. Cooke's merciless admiration. No amount of rhodomontade, however, can entirely efface the interest which must ever attach to the memory of men who so valiantly upbore the wrong they deemed the right. They were gallant enemies those dead Virginia gentlemen, who spilled their blood for a chimera, and fell, happily, before the cause for which they died had fallen. We who detested their principles can admire their devotion, none the less because they failed, and so are still in memory our countrymen. When time shall a little soften the asperities of conflict, we may be proud to remember their heroism, forgetting its mistaken inspiration. Perhaps even now we may pardon Mr. Cooke's exaggeration, which he seems himself sometimes to suspect, from his frequent solemn disclaimers; he tries hard to be fair, and really appears to think he is. He admits that General Bayard was a brave officer, and General Meade quite an adept at retreating; he even concedes one or two small Yankee successes, when the odds were a little greater than usual, or somebody had made a sad mistake. Probably this is as much as can be expected from a member of Stuart's staff; and we ought not to be surprised or offended at hearing that the Federal cavalry never achieved any decided success in the East "until the ten or fifteen thousand crack cavalry of General Sheridan came to ride over the two thousand men, on starved and broken-down horses, of General Fitz Lee, in April, 1865." We ought not to be offended, we say, but we may be permitted mildly to doubt. There were many reasons why our cavalry should be less effective at the beginning of the war than the rebel cavalry. An agricultural people is naturally more given to riding than a commercial one; the southern passion for fox-hunt, steeple-chase, and tournament fostered the taste. So the opening of the war found the very flower of the rebel army in the saddle, perfect horsemen, skilled in arms, and fired by an enthusiasm which was never fully equalled in the North, opposed to our raw levies, whose qualifications for cavalry service seldom went further than being able, as was rudely but forcibly said, to mount a horse without tearing out the seats of their pantaloons with their spurs. Against material like this the rough riders of Stuart and Ashby found the merest child's play; but skill came with practice, and in the latter years of the war we doubt if our cavalry, all things being equal, were not fully a match for their opponents, man for man and sabre for sabre. But of course Mr. Cooke looks at these things through other eyes than ours, and we can scarcely blame a partiality for which there is so solid a basis. And apart from his hyperbole and the continual and tiresome repetitions, which smack strongly of book-making, the volume is interesting enough, and may be of service, as the author claims, to the future writer of romance, if not to the historian himself.

Far Above Rubies: a Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—This is an interesting and simple story, gracefully and fluently written, pure and healthy in tone, depicting scenes and characters for which it comes within the experience of nearly every reader to find a parallel; and, if it be wanting in that power and depth of thought which have hitherto marked the writings of this versatile and most industrious novelist, it is nevertheless surrounded by that pleasant, quiet atmosphere which renders novels of country life particularly refreshing. The narrative runs smoothly, undisturbed by any violent or stirring events, and is interspersed with many charming descriptions and sensible reflections which have the uncommon merit of not being wearisome.

The scene is laid in a very retired spot, not more than thirty miles from London; but as no railroad has yet broken in upon its seclusion, and even the little towns and villages are sufficiently remote to ensure it against encroachment, "Berrie Down Hollow," the beautiful residence of Arthur Dudley, is, as his friends are wont to remark, "quite in the country."

"You can imagine how the place looks in every season; when the holly berries shine red and warm and glossy in the hedge-row; when their branches, clad with polished green leaves, are torn down to welcome Christmas in hall and church and cottage; when the birds begin to build; when children part the boughs of the privet and the hawthorn in order to look for the thrush and the linnet's nest; when the hyacinths come with the sweet mid spring; when the dog-roses, perishable as beautiful, open to the sun; when the May bursts into flower, and the honeysuckle perfumes the air; when you pass over the brook dry shod; when the August sun is pouring his beams on fields where the reapers are at work; when the leaves first change their color, and then commence to fall; when autumn's blasts whistle among the topmost branches of the elms, and winter's hail and snow descend upon the earth. You can fancy how Berrie Down must look under all these aspects; you know hereafter you could sketch the place from memory, when you come to recall its sweet tranquillity amid the din and bustle of that great Babylon where your lot is cast."

To the outer world it would seem perfectly natural that Arthur Dudley should be very happy in the possession of his beautiful estate; but to those who have made a rigid study of human nature, it will seem equally natural that he should be quite the reverse. He was one of those weak, irresolute men who never ceased to complain that he had "missed his life," and, of course, attributed his failures to any one rather than himself. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to marry an heiress, then falls in love with a gentle, beautiful, and devoted woman, who worships him with all the strength of which her pure and loving nature is capable, and whom he, as usual, despises accordingly; and, instead of feeling grateful for the self-sacrificing spirit with which she assumes the heavy responsibility of superintending, besides the usual house-

hold of a country squire, a family of five brothers and sisters whom Arthur has to maintain, he blames her for all his ill-success in life. No wonder that his friends and neighbors had little sympathy for this constitutional grumbler, for, as the authoress quaintly remarks:

"Hang your closets full of bones and bodies at home, if you will, says society, but for heaven's sake do not carry them to the sunlight on your back. Weep your tears, an' you like to do so; but get through the ceremony in private. We have every one of us our troubles, yet we do not proclaim them aloud from the house-tops. We demand that if, either from choice or necessity, a man fast, he shall not appear in public with a sad countenance, but that he shall 'anoint his head and wash his face,' and bear his troubles bravely and with good courage."

That such a man as Arthur Dudley would become an easy prey to the scheming, unprincipled speculator, Peter Black, is not difficult to believe, nor does it require much discernment to foresee the result of his misplaced confidence. The experience is one of every-day occurrence, and the consequences inevitable; but though the reader cannot fail to be aware of this, he is content to travel step by step with the authoress, and to mark her fidelity in reproducing scenes to the truthfulness of which, unfortunately, too many among us can bear witness. Besie Ormson is a striking and original character, and decidedly the best in the book; while the sketch of poor little Lilly, with her "poor pussens and poor tittens," is extremely touching.

The startling rapidity with which Mrs. Riddell produces her successive novels renders it almost impossible that equal success should attend them all; and we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that the present work, notwithstanding that there is in it much to admire, is not up to the standard of her former writings. We could well wish that one so capable of holding a high position among the novelists of the day should, in justice to herself, bestow that time and earnest thought upon her work which should ensure the recognition her abilities entitle her to command.

My Gift. By Cyrus Elder. New York: N. Tibbals & Co. 1867.—We wonder if Mr. Cyrus Elder has ever read a certain little poem of Tennyson's called *The Flower*. He seems to have read pretty much everything else that Tennyson has written; but lest he should have missed or forgotten this, we will quote it to him:

"Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower:
The people said, a weed.
Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thistles from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.
Read my little fable;
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.
And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

We very much fear that Mr. Elder has profited by the larceny about which the Laureate here makes so much ado. And we do not know that we can more exactly express our opinion of his verses, or versicles, as he would, perhaps, prefer to call them, with the same modesty which makes his volume a "booklet," than by repeating the first two lines of the last stanza quoted above. Some are pretty enough, and some are poor indeed; all give unmistakable evidence of their origin. Mr. Elder's flower bears a strong family likeness to the Laureate's, but the perfume of the latter is somehow lacking. His effusions resemble the poetry he so much admires as a counterfeit resembles the genuine coin, or as elderberry wine resembles champagne. Yet it is apparently not for want of study that he wins no nearer to his model; he has caught many of the mannerisms, the tricks of phrase and turns of thought, which characterize the English poet; it is only the essence that he fails, and that all such imitators must necessarily fail, to reproduce. He has even gone so far as to borrow Tennyson's subjects. Under the title *In Memoriam* we have the story of *The Sleeping Beauty* in a poem which is otherwise chiefly noticeable as lending the weight of Mr. Elder's authority to that somewhat eccentric preterite form of the verb "glide" wherewith the late Artemus Ward enriched the language. "I asked her should we glide in the messey dance. And we glode." Says Mr. Elder,

— "the glad prince and his princess fair
Together glode the corridors along."

They must have had a glowing time of it. And in other places our author shows a radical turn for bettering the language. Antietam is tortured into four syllables thus:

"On Antietam's bloody plain."

The measure being that of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; for another verse in the same metre we have:

"Our voyage lies to the north;"

"harrassed" becomes "harressed" and "sloom" is broken to harness with "soon." Nevertheless the book is not without merit. The verses are often graceful and flowing, with here and there an agreeable fancy that helps to hide the general dearth of thought. Perhaps we may venture to say that Mr. Elder has not yet done himself justice. He seems to be fully persuaded that he is a poet and to feel a certain scornful compassion for people who don't agree with him, and who, he says, "look On him with unanointed eyes, And say, 'He is as one of us, He differeth not in any wise.'" This doesn't suit Mr. Elder; he wants to be peculiar; he rejoices in a sort of intellectual strabismus; "he wears two eyes endowed with different sight;" he delights in the belief that he is mad; he tells us, moreover, that

— "his poetic thoughts
Unto his poems are

Like endless azure spaces,
With here and there a star."

We can testify to the spaces, but our astronomic powers are not yet equal to the stars. Probably they are fixed stars whose light takes an age or two to reach us. If Mr. Elder will trust our unanointed eyes and is not yet too mad to be above advice, we would counsel him to burn his Tennyson, to try to understand Browning before he tries to abuse him, to study Walt Whitman and Worcester's Dictionary, and so learn to write books instead of booklets. We say this in all kindness and sincerity, and beg that Mr. Elder will not misconceive us. As we have said, his booklet is not without merit, no booklet so elegantly printed can be altogether, and it is besides entirely harmless and suitable for the domestic circle. We know of no booklet better adapted for presentation by very polite young men to very sentimental young maidlets. We have read in one of those voracious manuals of politeness that a gift to a lady should be of small value. Mr. Elder's gift, we are happy to say, meets every requirement of etiquette.

I. Coquina: the Rose of the Algonquins. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. New York: P. O'Shea. 1867.—*The Student of Blenheim Forest.* By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1867.—It seldom occurs that a story with a purpose succeeds in fulfilling the design and expectation of the author; the narrative in most cases loses its attraction when it is made a mere vehicle for sermonizing, and the reader fails to profit by the lesson which is administered under the garb of fiction. When, therefore, we say that the above works are written with a pure and lofty purpose, we would not wish it to be inferred that the interest has in any degree been sacrificed to the zeal of the author. Apart from their moral teachings, these life histories are full of pathos and beauty, and the incidents, especially those connected with the life of Coquina—which is drawn from authentic records—are skillfully and touchingly narrated. The simple yet deeply devotional character of the Indian girl who, under the teaching of the good Father Etienne, has been converted to Christianity; the bitter trials she is doomed to undergo, and which she endures with a stern resolution and a spirit of religious enthusiasm worthy of the early martyrs of the Church, and her subsequent justification and triumph are exceedingly well described. The story illustrates in a remarkable manner the ill effects of that most insidious vice "whose breath rides on the posting winds, and doth belie all corners of the world."

The Student of Blenheim Forest contains a record of the life of one whose religion came to him through prolonged spiritual conflicts, as well as by unceasing and laborious study.

A truly Christian spirit breathes through these works, which, although addressed especially to Roman Catholics, may be perused with pleasure and profit by readers of all denominations.

Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and Other Stories. By "Ouida," author of *Idalia*, *Chandos*, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—Notwithstanding the extravagance of this writer's style and her incorrigible passion for melodrama, there is a strength of imagination and a sustained vivacity about her stories which will always ensure their popularity and gain for them considerable acceptance even with the fastidious. Passion and copious flow of incident are valuable elements in fiction, and "Ouida" displays them with an affluence only rivalled by Miss Braddon. She belongs to a new and very odd school of romancers, who may be described as seeking to unite in their novels the dusty lore of a cyclopaedist, the naïve fervor of a child, and the interest of a fairy tale. The American representative of this peculiar school is Miss Augusta Evans, but she is inferior to "Ouida" in knowledge of the world and of polished society—is more provincial, in a word, and less vigorous of imagination. The public seem for the moment to fancy this kind of writing, and if a mixture of *Mother Goose* and Dr. Johnson suits the general taste, it will of course be gratified. Some of the tales in this volume are, however, of a better stamp than might be inferred from this description, and contain unmistakable evidences of power and artistic feeling. The story of *Deadly Dash*, for all its alliterative title and incredible plot, is excellent in its way, and there is comedy in *Lady Marabout's Troubles* which few of "Ouida's" female competitors can approach. Every one of these novelettes is highly interesting, which is, after all, perhaps the best praise that can be offered to fiction.

Studies in the Gospels. By Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.—Archbishop Trench believes, and justly, that the difficulties of the Gospels have been often overlooked in comparison with those of the Epistles. He has accordingly applied himself in the present volume to the removal of some of these difficulties. He discusses such topics as the Temptation and Christ and the Samaritan Woman at considerable length; others are treated more briefly; but all bear the traces of great learning most wisely used. This is no place for the minute criticism of such a work, but we have found in it some of the most desirable qualities in a Biblical commentary. It treats of real difficulties. It is reverent in tone. It clears up obscure passages. More than some of the archbishop's volumes, all of which elucidate the Scriptures, it contains his own opinion definitely expressed. We have sometimes thought that his wealth of learned references obscured the definite results of his own exegesis. This volume is a great improvement in this respect, and if we are not greatly mistaken it will prove a very acceptable book to every devout student of the Bible. So far as we have examined it, we have found it admirable, and we have wished, instead of the sixteen studies which are here given, that the archbishop had given us all the

studies which he intimates may, at some future day, be published.

The Black Phantom; or, Woman's Endurance. By Charles Shrimpton. New York: James Miller. 1867.—In some cases, as, for instance, when a man considers himself called upon to render justice to the memory of a friend, or to rescue from oblivion the record of noble and heroic deeds, a writer may be pardoned for venturing to submit his crude and imperfect efforts upon the patience of the public, and a due and charitable appreciation of his motives will often seem to atone for his temerity; but when a work appears which is utterly devoid of any of the attributes which constitute a claim to literary consideration, the fact of its possessing no demoralizing tendencies will not be received by even the most indulgent reader as an adequate excuse for its obvious deficiencies.

The story of *The Black Phantom* aims to be amusing and instructive, and fails to be either the one or the other. The incidents are improbable, and the characters are equally devoid of variety, originality, and finish. All the men and women are commonplace, actuated by commonplace motives, and only remarkable for a style of conversation which would tax the politeness of the most patient listener almost beyond the powers of human endurance.

It is a mere waste of time to write such books, and religion is brought into contempt when it is made a vehicle for the gratification of vanity which finds refuge under the cloak of good intent.

Thackeray's Lectures: English Humorists and Four Georges. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—Messrs. Harper are publishing a substantial and in all respects a worthy edition of Thackeray, with good paper, good type, and good binding, and the volume before us is one of the series. The reputation of this sometimes misunderstood but most noble writer, useful satirist, and generous man has been on the increase in this country ever since his lamented death. His writings have been more generally read, more curiously scanned, and, as a consequence, better understood. The present volume is readable, healthful, vigorous, and suggestive, full of humor, raciness, and characteristic acid from cover to cover, and should be read throughout the land. Thackeray is in truth fast becoming indispensable, and his works are daily more and more recognized as essential to the belles-lettres department of every decent library.

The Invisibles: An Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—The season has been remarkably rich in bizarre and unaccountable volumes, but we think for pre-eminence in preposterousness the volume before us must bear the palm. We have hesitated a little between it and *Coming Wonders*, but our decision is fixed and emphatic. To determine the meaning or purpose of *The Invisibles* is simply impossible; but this need occasion no chagrin, since it is clear that the significance of the book must be as great a mystery to the author as to the reader. If any one wants a book for the sea-shore or mountain whose inscrutability will defy the most persevering efforts, and which, consequently, will fill up much time without occupying much room, we recommend him *The Invisibles*. We have never seen just such a book before and doubt whether there will ever be such a "ther."

Martin Chuzzlewit. Four volumes in one. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.—An exceedingly neat, handy, and pleasant to read little volume is this, the *Globe*, edition of that novel which has made more Americans angry than any which Dickens ever wrote, not excepting *The American Notes*. Here are all our old friends, Jefferson Brick, Col. Diver, Elijah Pogram, Chollop, and the rest of them in a new dress, indeed, but as quaint and impudent and as impossible to survey without laughter as ever. For our own parts, we think that all our English censors, from Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope down to Lowe and Ruskin, have served and do serve a most useful purpose for the country they criticize. There are still plenty of Americans who may be benefited by reading *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and we advise them to get the *Globe* edition and read it as soon as possible.

New Music. We have received a cavatina called *Elfen-liebe* (*Fairy Love*) and a series of ten vocal fragments—we can scarcely describe them as songs—called *Hafis*, by Mr. F. L. Ritter, which, to those who care to master the exceeding difficulty of the accompaniments, may be interesting. To ordinary amateurs, who, of course, are babes and sucklings compared with this learned writer, we commend his *Ten Songs for Children*, of which the most melodious is number nine, an evening prayer in the style of Spohr, and a pleasing addition to the usual stock of Sunday music. All of the above have English and German words and are published by K. Huberth & Co., 820 Broadway.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry C. Lea. Pp. 601. 1867.
Elsie Magoon. By Mrs. F. D. Gage. Pp. 324. 1867.
HARPER & BROS., New York.—Bench and Bar. By L. J. Bigelow. Illustrated with portraits, etc. Pp. 364. 1867.
College Life: Its Theory and Practice. By Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 339. 1867.
W. V. SPENCER, Boston.—Dissertations and Discussions. By John Stuart Mill. Vol. IV. Pp. 460. 1867.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M.D., Lond. Pp. 442. 1867.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—Recollections of Henry Watkins Allen, Brigadier-General Confederate States Army and ex-Governor of Louisiana. By Sarah A. Dorsey. Pp. 420. 1867.
T. ELWOOD ZELL, Philadelphia.—History of the Religious Society of Friends. By Samuel M. Janney. 4 vols. Vol. I, II. Pp. 422, 428. 1867.

HENRY HOYT, Boston.—Jessica's First Prayer. Pp. 121. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

HARPER & BROS., New York.—Mr. Wynyard's Ward: a Novel. By Holme Lee. Pp. 106. 1867.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Universal Suffrage Female Suffrage. By a Republican (not a Radical). Pp. 116. 1867.

LEYBOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Co-operative Stores, their History, Organization, and Management. Based on the recent German work of Eugene Richter. Pp. 131. 1867.

DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—Diavola. By Miss M. E. Brad-
don. Pp. 258. 1867.

We have also received current numbers of The American Railroad and Steam Navigation Guide, The American Presbyterian and Theological Review, The Christian Examiner, The Hebeion Record, Part LXV., New York; The American Law Review, The American Journal of Horticulture and Florists' Companion, The New England Farmer—Boston.

LITERARIANA.

MR. JOHN W. FORNEY, in one of his letters to his newspaper, *The Press*, warmly resents the English explanation that Americans are recognized "by their 'accent'." "It is," he insists, "the absence of the accent by which we are known. We don't draw out our words, and cut off the heads of those beginning with 'h,' and put the aspirate where it shouldn't be. I thought, at first, that this manner of talking, so general among the J. B.'s, was, in many cases, affectation. I find it is not so. In our country we at once know those from the South and from New England, and even in Pennsylvania it is not difficult to recognize by their 'talk' the residents of the different counties. In America, however, this 'accent,' as we may call it, is not so broad as it is here. We visited the Tower to-day, and although our guide spoke in a loud tone, we were able only now and then to catch a word. This man has lived long in London, and can, therefore, be taken as a fair specimen of the lower classes of this city in this particular. Should I visit Yorkshire and Lancashire, I do not doubt that I should have almost as much difficulty in carrying on a conversation with any one of the residents as I should have were I to attempt to talk with a Blackfoot Indian." And in reference to his own city, Mr. Forney tells us: "The people of Philadelphia cannot be known by any 'accent' from those of New York, and the 'accent' of the Bostonians is so slight that it is seldom they can be recognized by it. This being the case, the absence of 'accent' tells our nationality." Mr. Forney is so far right that, barring the Dutch regions of Pennsylvania which still give majorities for Andrew Jackson, and the negroes and "mean whites" of some parts of the South, there are no Americans who can be said to speak a *patois*. If unintelligibility is necessary to constitute an "accent," his position is sound, and some other term is necessary to define the difference which undoubtedly exists between the speech of not only Englishmen and Americans, but of Americans from different parts of the country. Any American, it is true, can travel from Maine to Florida and California and Washington without attracting peculiar attention to his speech and without finding in that of the people he meets anything to puzzle him, except the antiquity of Southern and the immensity of Western habits of thought, together with a rapid growth of rhodomontade as he recedes from the Mississippi. Nevertheless, it is easy to tell with tolerable accuracy and simply within what isothermal lines an American dwells, but even in what state, and often in what city. Philadelphia prides itself, justly, perhaps, upon its purity of speech; but it has half-a-dozen shibboleths of its own. As we have before remarked, no Philadelphian can be induced to say *my* instead of *me*; and they have a propensity for calling pails *buckets*; rubber shoes *gums*; blocks, signifying distance, *squares*; for reckoning money in *levies*, *fips* or *leven-pny-bits*, and *fip'ny-bits*, and indulging in numerous similarly obsolete terms which identify them quite unmistakably. Besides, there is a primness and rectangularity of thought as well as of speech which is easily discerned in every untravelled Philadelphian, and which no other surroundings could originate.

While on the subject of dialects we may quote from the always excellent correspondence of *The New Orleans Crescent* a passage from a letter from Bavaria as to the modes of German speech:

"At home we are apt to form rather exaggerated ideas of the difference between the different German states, especially in regard to language. The terms High and Low German are often used, and perhaps a few words explanatory of their meaning would not be out of place here. Throughout all Germany educated men speak but one language, what we call High German; it is used in the courts, at the schools and universities; in the pulpit; in short, it is the language of the country, the only one a foreigner ever learns. Low German is something very different. It would be useless to trace here the numerous changes which the German tongue has undergone in the course of centuries. . . . It may be remarked that at the time of the Reformation each province had its own strongly marked dialect, while Latin was used almost exclusively in books and at the universities. Luther, however, translated the Bible for the use of the common people in the present language, which he improved considerably by the force of his vigorous intellect. This translation spread throughout all Germany, and in course of time its language supplanted entirely, among the higher classes, the language spoken by the peasants of each particular district. Luther's Bible had more influence in making the present language of Germany what it is than anything else that was ever written or done. The dialects of the peasants differ greatly and are often almost unintelligible even to a born German from the Low German. At present, however, they are heard but seldom, unless you go among the lowest classes in their own homes; for, in consequence of the excellent school institutions, all can read and understand the High German, and never use the other except when speaking to each other. Although the Dutch language is often confounded with the German in consequence of our indiscriminate application of the title 'Dutchman' to all who speak a guttural language, it need hardly be added that it is an entirely different language."

MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY sends us from Washington a rendering of the *Stabat Mater*, Pope Innocent III.'s contribution to the Seven Great Hymns, written in 1198, the year of his accession. The translation preserves the

metre of the original, but is unequal to the sonorous simplicity of the Latin verse, and will be found, as is almost inevitably the case with translations of those grand mediæval hymns, to introduce figures unknown to the original:

STABAT MATER.

By the cross with sorrow bending
On her thorn-crowned Son attending
Stood His Mother crowned with woe;
All her soul with anguish groaning,
With no balm to soothe its moaning
While grief's sword was cleaving through.

Oh, how sad was her affliction,
And her soul's dread crucifixion,
Mother of God's begotten One;
Thus to see His form extended
And each bleeding wound distended,
Her's each pang that smote her Son.

Oh, what man such grief discerning
Could unmoved behold the yearning
Of this tender mother's woe!
See her bitter tears fast blending
With her dear Son's blood descending
From His hands, His feet, His brow!

'Twas for us He drank the chalice,
Mixed by us, of wrath and malice,
Bore the scourge's knotted cords;
For us that she held her station
Where her Son in desolation
Dying breathed His solemn words.

Fount of love! oh, let me borrow
From thy soul a share of sorrow,
Let me learn to grieve with thee,
That my heart with fervor glowing
May with love for Christ's glowing
In His favor seek to be.

Mother! stamp with sure impression
On my soul thy Son's dread passion,
Every stigma that He bore;
'Twas for me the rough nails pierced Him,
For my guilt the spear transfixed Him,
For my sins the thorns He wore.

Let me, then, who caused thy dolor,
Bear with thee thy bitter sorrow,
So the burden to divide
That through all life's exile dreary
I may rest may find when weary
With thee and the Crucified.

Virgin, others all exclaiming
Turn not on me glance repelling
For the bitter woe I wrought;
Since He died for sin's transgression,
Make me share in His dread passion,
Love the wounds my ransom bought.

Make me with His wounds be wounded,
Of His cross with love unbowed
Let me seek the rugged way.
Then, sweet Mother, still defend me,
Lest my sins from Him should read me
On the dreadful Judgement Day.

When death's shadows round me lower,
Grant me, Jesu! in that hour,
Through Thy Mother's pleading prayer,
Palms of victory never dying,
Rest with thee where tears and sighing
Never chill the blissful air.

At Messrs. Leyboldt & Holt's we have found, beside the parts of Bishop Percy's Ballad Manuscript whose arrival in this country we noted last week, the three latest issues of the Early English Text Society, *The Stations of Rome, and the Pilgrim's Sea-Voyage and Sea Sickness, with Clene Maydenhod*, edited from the Vernon and Pokington MSS., etc., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.; *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; The Parliament of Devils; and other Religious Poems*, edited from the Lambeth MS. 853, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.; and *Dan Jon Gaytrigg's Sermon; The Abbye of S. Spirit; Sayne Jon, and other pieces in the Northern Dialect*, edited from Robert of Thornton's MS. (ab. 1460 A.D.) by the Rev. G. Perry, M.A. This society is prepared to produce this year, provided it can command the funds, twenty-nine texts, in addition to these three, seven of which are now in the press, and thirteen more ready to go to press at a month's notice. The society, which, at the beginning of the year, had more than quadrupled its original annual income, and nearly trebled both its membership and its yearly issue of texts, has procured seventy-five new members this season, while arrangements have been made with the Philological and Camden Societies for co-operative work, thus furthering its efforts for "the bringing to light the whole of the hidden springs of the noble literature that England calls its own." We mentioned, not long since, that the Spenser Society had already grown from this, and it now appears that another—the Dryden Society—is its suggested title—which will limit its number of copies to 200, is likely to be organized. We are surprised, by the way, to notice the omission of the name of Messrs. Leyboldt & Holt from the lists of American Agents of the Early English Text issues, Mr. Furnivall having named them in one of his letters as the New York agents in conjunction with Messrs. C. Scribner & Co., while the Messrs. Lippincott in Philadelphia, and Dutton in Boston, completed the list for this country.

A RECENT passing allusion which we made to the order of American school-books for the Japanese schools was not quite correct. The former Japanese embassy, we learn, took back with them a number of school-books, one of the consequences of which was the instruction of the commissioners now in the country to procure large quantities of standard works. Mentioning the matter in the State Department at Washington, they were referred to Mr. G. P. Putnam as an accomplished agent in the selection and purchase of books, and Mr. Putnam, responding to an invitation to visit Washington on the matter, received a *carte blanche* order. The books selected by him—in all some ten tons, worth about \$25,000—were of all grades from simple spelling-books to Webster's *Unabridged*, including also text-books in arithmetic, geography, chemistry, natural philosophy, physiology, history, etc., etc., and wall maps, magnetic globes, and

other school apparatus, beside sample copies of nearly all of those standard school-books which were not sent in sufficient quantity for present use. It is the intention of the Japanese government, we understand, not only to make English the language of their public schools, but to rely upon America for books until they make them for themselves. On the whole we shall not be surprised if before long the imprint of some of our leading educational publishers shall read "New York," or "San Francisco, and Jeddo."

MR. F. J. OTTARSON sends us the following story in reference to the authorship of the Junius letters. He found it, he tells us, in an old scrap-book, made in England, chiefly from newspapers of the last century: "*Anecdote of Junius*—The letters of Junius having excited the admiration of all Europe, it may not be unacceptable to our readers to make them acquainted with the elegant author of them. Not long before Junius terminated his literary career, the Duke of Rutland was one day taking a morning walk, when he accidentally met with the Right Hon. Wm G—rr—d H—m—l—n, who asked his grace if he had that day read Junius, for that he was greater than ever. Mr. H. then began to recite several parts of the letter, which led the duke to return home in order to peruse the remainder, when, to his very great surprise, he found that no such letter had made its appearance in *The Public Advertiser* of that day. His grace mentioned the circumstance to several of his friends, and on the day following the identical letter appeared, having, by accident or mistake, been omitted to be inserted, as was intended by Mr. H., the preceding day. This led to the long-wished-for discovery of the author of Junius, and a cabinet council was forthwith assembled to determine upon what was necessary to be done. The Earl of Suffolk, at that time one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, was very violent on the occasion, and recommending committing Mr. H. (he being a member of Parliament and privy councillor in Ireland) close prisoner to the Tower. This measure the sagacious Lord Mansfield as violently opposed, wisely observing that the letters of Junius had already sufficiently roused and alarmed the spirit of the nation, and the sooner it was quieted the better. In consequence of this salutary counsel, a message was sent to Mr. H. to acquaint him that he was known, and that it was his M—j—y's pleasure he should continue to hold for life the apartments which he has ever since occupied in the palace at Hampton Court."

THE new Hebrew collegiate institution of which we recently spoke as in contemplation is now definitely determined upon. The Jews in this country have already established educational institutions of different grades in New York, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, Cleveland, Albany, and other cities. This projected Maimonides College at Philadelphia is designed for a more advanced course of study than is pursued in any of the others, and of more thorough instruction in Hebrew than has ever yet been afforded in any theological seminary in America. "The conclusion has been formed," says *The Jewish Messenger*, "of not restricting the college course to Hebrew and theological studies, so that, instead of a divinity school, it is to be a college in the popular acceptance. It will have a faculty of science and letters as well as a faculty of Hebrew; it will furnish general instruction in classics, mathematics, and belles-lettres, as well as a special course for the future Hebrew minister and teacher. The plan is somewhat more grand and comprehensive than was first contemplated, but there appear to have been judicious reasons for its adoption."

SOME idea of the operations of the American Tract Society is conveyed by the statement that, during the year ending April 1, 1867, it printed nearly 44,000,000 pages of minor reading matter, with enough more in the form of books to make a total of over 215,000,000 pages. These belonged to 837,676 volumes and over 7,000,000 copies of tracts.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep unto the heart,
And who would wish to say them nay?

They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there,
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look and wise.

We live again our play-time
In their play;
Their soft hands lead us back
Along a weary track—
The pathway of our years—
Unto the time when life was May.

O! when my days have ended,
I would rest
Where little children keep
Their slumber long and deep;
My grave be near the little mounds
I know that God hath blest!

GEORGE COOPER.

MR. HENRY T. TUCKERMAN'S *American Artist Life* is to be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, early in the fall, in a variety of luxurious styles, of which the number of copies is limited, in addition to the ordinary edition. Mr. Tuckerman's book—which has so grown in his hands that it now contains nearly twice the matter originally estimated, thereby necessitating an enlargement of the page—gives an historical account of the rise and progress of art in America; biographical and critical sketches of leading painters and artists from the days of Malbone, Stuart, Copley, and West, to our own; and an appendix descriptive of notable pictures and private collections.

WE regret to announce the suspension, during the present year, of *The Social Science Review*, a step which has been necessitated by the illness of its managing editor. A renewal of publication, however, is promised for next January, and the publishers, meanwhile, advertise the return of unexpired subscriptions. Journals of the character of this *Review* and of the *St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy* are so rare in this country, and capable of so much usefulness in a community that thinks too little upon such topics, that we regret any interruption to their prosperous establishment.

THE REV. LEONARD WOODS, LL.D., formerly president of Bowdoin College, has gone to Europe for the purpose of completing the documentary history of Maine, the legislature having given the Historical Society of that state an appropriation for the purpose.

MR. JOHN R. DICKINSON has edited the works and prepared a memoir of the late Daniel S. Dickinson which will be published by subscription next fall by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son.

MR. FRIEDRICH KAPP will publish in Philadelphia in the fall a German *History of the German Emigration to America*.

MR. ROBERT H. NEWELL—Orpheus C. Kerr—has in press the novel, *Avery Athol*, to which he is understood to have devoted a great deal of labor for two years past.

"DISTRACTED" is a correspondent of *Public Opinion* who is bothered by the discrepancies between the dictionaries, and asks piteously, "What is a man to do?" and again, "Is Webster recognized [as an authority] in England?" His trouble is this:

WEBSTER.	ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.
Woolen,	Woolen,
Licence (substantive),	Licence (subst.),
To licence (verb),	To license (verb),
Practice (subst.),	Practice (subst.),
To practise (verb),	To practice (verb),

and so on. A good many people, we believe, manage pretty well by ascertaining Webster's usage and adopting the other one. The rule is at least simple. But none of *Public Opinion's* correspondents suggest it. One falls back upon "custom and analogy," and thinks that "a distinction in the spelling between kindred nouns and verbs is only allowable where their pronunciation varies, as in the case of *device, devise*;" another quotes Lord Chesterfield on the necessity of "orthography, or spelling well," to "a man of letters, or a gentleman," and after asking, "Why consult Webster?" and recommending Ogilvie's because "I use it daily and with satisfaction," ends by giving his spellings as calculated to set the matter at rest; a third, "Englishman"—who writes ungrammatically, and should have signed himself "Hinglishman"—very properly believes in spelling "such words with an s in the verb and a c in the noun," because he believes it is "a recognized rule," as a means of maintaining which he advises "Distracted" "to stick to his 'good modern English dictionary,' and to leave Webster's or any other man's American dictionary to that fate which such an uglifier of our language so richly deserves and will ever obtain at the hands of Your," etc. All of which is about as satisfactory as the recent achievement of a literary contemporary which unguardedly "conveyed" from these columns a column of diversified intelligence, including a description of Dr. Robert Sullivan's little book on *Words Spelled in Two or More Ways*, wherein we censured the prevalent spelling of *judgment, abridgment, acknowledgment*, and similar words, in which *dgm* are made to indicate a sound that by no possibility can be got from them—our contemporary thereby appearing as the reprehender of a usage adopted by himself. "Distracted," by the way, is at fault, for Webster uses *c* in *practice* both in noun and verb.

M. DE LAMARTINE finds a faithful apologist in the Paris correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular*, who details the various losses from Lamartine's estates—some \$400,000—beside his distribution of \$360,000 of his private fortune among the working classes of Paris during the revolution in 1848, as the original causes of his embarrassments. At present, it seems, his assets amount to \$270,000, his debts to \$400,000 and interest: the former are partly composed of several estates, two of the most valuable of which are advertised for sale. He has several manuscript works nearly ready for the press—some idea of the value of which may be gathered from the fact that his copyrights, since 1849, have yielded \$300,000—but these can scarcely make up the deficiency, which, it is said, the Emperor will make up from his private purse, but not during the lifetime of M. de Lamartine, who is now 77 years of age and unable to leave his house.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL FRENCH announces that in the course of his examinations for the supplementary volumes of the *Cambridge Shakespeare* he has discovered the long-missing link in the poet's lineage, and connected him through his mother, Mary Arden, with the ancient family of Arden, of Warwickshire, thus establishing his descent from Ailwin, the Saxon sheriff of that county in the time of Edward the Confessor. The publication of Mr. French's letter draws one from Mr. J. T. Burgess, who says that the absence of the link thus supplied had alone prevented his tracing the chain yet farther—even to Alfred the Great, probably through Ethelfleda (daughter of Alfred and wife of Ethelred, first Earl of Mercia), and, on still stronger evidence, in another line to King Athelstane. The verification of these statements will be looked for with no small interest.

THE site of Keble College, Oxford, has been fixed, near the Museum, and the architect set at work. £32,000 have already been subscribed, and further sums are expected.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE has been elected to the professorship of Poetry at Oxford, in the room of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the other candidates being Dean Alexander and Dr. Kynaston. Mr. Robert Browning would have been urged, had his admirers been able to procure for him the honorary degree of M.A.; in lieu of which they are endeavoring to obtain for him that of D.C.L.

M. HAVET is contributing to *La Revue Moderne* a *History of Christianity*, which is to be published in book form; wherein, after combating the positions of Paley, Chalmers, and many other theological writers, he argues that the Christian religion is "but a new—and not the last—transformation of religious sentiment as old as the world."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE: Sir, I have been reading in "Pope's heroes, which are so easy to read and so difficult to remember," entitled *Home* (with a motto from Catullus), was published in Boston by Samuel H. Parker. It is evidently a reprint, though in my copy it is nowhere so stated. In my opinion, it abounds in beauties, and, having read it twice with much satisfaction, I am desirous of ascertaining the author. Can you, or any of your learned correspondents in the department of *Notes and Queries*, inform me? The scenes are laid in Scotland, on the Clyde, and the poem commences thus:

"Beloved Clydesdale! Thy green woods are sweet
When, wreathed with May flowers, Spring and Summer meet;
Sweet are thy swelling hills in light array'd,
Thy glens, the haunts of solitude and shade,
Thy streamlets, gently murmuring, and the bloom
Showered on their winding banks; but sweeter Home,

"There are, the woodland melodies who scorn—
Charmed with the drum's hoarse note, the obstreperous horn,
The trumpet's blast, the artillery pealing far,
And all the dreadful din of war!
False fame let them pursue, by land and flood,
Diedling glories unachieved by blood,
Plunge in the trench, the steel-crowned rampart scale,
But place me, Heaven, in Lothian's peaceful vale."

Toward the conclusion, I find in it what some of your correspondents would consider, and in truth is, a remarkable "coincidence of thought" with a passage of one of the most honored of our own American masters of song, to point out which will not much lengthen this note, and may, perhaps, prove interesting to those who love to trace such resemblances. In Longfellow's *Arsenal at Springfield* occurs the following stanza:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

Now, the ensuing lines from *Home* will be seen to be an amplification of a precisely similar thought, or, rather, Longfellow's stanza appears but a condensation of the former. I do not mean to insinuate that the American bard has borrowed from the author of *Home*; he had no need to do so, for the thought is an obvious one. I merely mean to intimate that the coincidence is a curious one—"only this and nothing more."

"Thron'd o'er mankind, to you, to you 'tis given,
Earth-born, to emulate these deeds of Heaven,
Ah, wise though late, relentless strife forbear,
To human feelings wake, and learn to spare.
The wealth ye scatter with a lavish hand
To speed grim ruin o'er a smiling land,
Those golden showers which nurse the seeds of woe
And bid the torrents of destruction flow;
These arts, inimical to nature's plan,
Which man employs to crush his fellow-man;
That opulence, these arts, in works of peace
The globe might gladden with unknown increase;
The languid eye of genius might relume,
To virtue's cheek recall its vanish'd bloom;
Lone forests people, deserts fertilize,
And make this fair round earth a paradise."

I will mention that, bound up in the same volume, are two other rather scarce books. The first is what I believe to be the earliest volume of verse ever published by Leigh Hunt—before he had dropped the "James Henry" of his name. It is a collection of juvenile poems, most of them poor enough, some "written at a very early age;" others "the productions of his present age (sixteen), and the rest of his intermediate years." The title-page is lost, but the dedication, "To the Hon. James Henry Leigh" (from whom the author of *Rimini* was, I presume, originally named), bears the date of May 17, 1800. The second of my leather-bound trio is *Rhododaphne*; or, *The Thesalian Spell*, published in Philadelphia in 1818 by M. Carey & Son. This, as you may remember, is the production of the late Thomas Love Peacock. From it, in March last year, shortly after the death of Mr. Peacock, you made several quotations and gave an estimate of the work, together with some scanty though interesting notices of the author's life. In my estimation it is a very beautiful poem, and would well repay republication (with illustrations) by some one of our enterprising publishers. Poe in his *Marginalia* (No. CIX.) has this in reference to it: "*Rhododaphne* (who wrote it?) is brimful of music, e. g.:

"By living streams, in sylvan shades,
Where wind and wave symphonious make
Rich melody, the youths and maids
No more with choral music wake
Lone Echo from their tangled track."

Poe, by the way, in this quotation, has apparently endeavored to improve the music of what Peacock had written, for, in the copy of the poem in my possession, I find *winds and waves* and *sweet melody*; but this is of no great consequence. There are many other passages fully as pleasing and harmonious as these, but I refrain from quoting them, for my note, I fear, will find already tediously long. Yours truly,

HANS SACHS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: In Bolton's *History of Westchester County* (Vol. I., pp. 337, 338) it is said that the book of minutes of the old Dutch church at Sleepy Hollow has upon its cover the motto,

"Eendragt maakt macht
Mer twist verquist."

The statement is added that "the first line was originally adopted as the motto of the United Netherlands in 1578," etc., and reference is made to *Pro. N. Y. Hist. Soc.*, p. 56. I have a suspicion that the entire couplet can be found somewhere in Erasmus.

Can any one of the learned Knights of *The Round Table* give any information respecting it? POCANTICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Capt. Daniel Beeckman published *Description of Voyages to and from Island of Borneo*, London, 1718. It was reprinted in *Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages and Travels*, eleventh volume. This may be the work of which "D." in *Notes and Queries* of June 1, wishes information. Truly yours, D. F. T. JUNE 12, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: I have occasionally seen Ilium, the Latin name of Troy, spelled with double *l*; can you inform me if there be any authority for such spelling, and where I can find it? I use Andrew's Latin lexicon; but the word is spelled with one *l*. I find the same in Zumpt's also. A. A. BOZEMAN. Troy, June 6, 1867.

Double *l* is, so far as we know, sanctioned by no respectable authority.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Will you inform me who is the author of the lines,

"If too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours," etc.,

and print the correct version of the whole poem? Respectfully,

W. T. H.

JERSEY CITY, June 23, 1867.

The lines are by Hon. Robert William Spencer, and have been already correctly quoted by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* in *The Round Table* for July 6. We can never print whole poems in this department.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: What is the origin of the expression "sent to Coventry?"

Respectfully,

QUERIST.

MOBILE, May 30, 1867.

In an article in *Harper's Monthly* on Lady Godiva and Coventry, published within a year, Mr. M. D. Conway gave an explanation which, as we remember it, was that Coventry was held among army officers to be a peculiarly undesirable station, on account of the excessive propriety of its female population, whereby it came to be a sort of banishment to be ordered to that post.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: In the second volume of Grote's *Plato*, on page 196, is the following sentence: "I believe myself (continues Socrates) to be the only man in Athens, or certainly one among a very few, who am a true statesman, following out the genuine purposes of the political art." Is "am" here strictly grammatical, and even if grammatical, is it not too unidiomatic for "good usage?"

Would not the acceptance of such a sentence involve the sanction of a long list of truly grotesque expressions?

Yours truly,

NO PURIST.

It is certainly incorrect.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Having had my attention directed to the very singular epigraph propounded for interpretation in your issue of the 4th inst., by "A. W. M." I remark that the composer of these lines seems to have been devoted to theologic and scholastic lore, and that his object was to convey in Aristotelian fashion his convictions of the indestructibility of all material and spiritual existences, the endless identity (?) of such existences, and the boundless scope of future creations. As these doctrines involve the Christian tenets of the existence of the soul after death and the resurrection of the body, the propriety of their inclusion on a tombstone (though veiled in obscure diction and in a dead language) is obvious. The clue to the sense will, I think, be found in supplying the elliptical words rightly. In my apprehension of the riddle, there are eight propositions, each having the same predicate, viz., the last two words, "*erit esse*." The whole, in my conjectural solution of the problem, would read thus:

(Id) quod fuit esse,	} erit esse.
(Id) quod est (esse),	
(Id) quod non fuit esse,	
(Id) quod (fuit) esse,	
Esse quod est,	
Non esse (quod est),	} shall be an entity, or an identity.
(Id) quod est,	
(Id) quod non est,	

Or, translated,

That which has been an entity,
That which is an entity,
That which has not been an entity
That which has been an entity,
An entity which is,
A nonentity which is,
That which is,
That which is not,

Most respectfully,

R. F. NEELY, M.D.,
ex-scholar of Trin. Col., Dublin.

CLARKSVILLE, Ga., May 16, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Say to your correspondent "W. A. H." that "the feast of the Barmecide" is only another form of expressing the idea of "great cry and little wool," or large promises and no results. If my memory is correct, the phrase has its origin in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, wherein it is related that the Barmecide, a prince of Bagdad (who flourished contemporaneously with Haroun Al Raschid), once invited a famished beggar, named Shacabac, to a sumptuous banquet in his palace; and, seating him at an empty table, pressed him to partake of many rich and costly dishes, which he named and described in detail, and dilated upon at length, so as to still further whet the beggar's appetite, which was to remain unappeased. The beggar, however, humored the joke thus played by his tormenting host, and pretended to eat heartily, protesting stoutly at times that his belly would hold no more, and praising the wonderful feast without stint.

It is related, further, that the prince was so pleased with the vagabond's wit and patience, that he finally provided for him a real feast, the substantial counterpart of the one he had so well pretended to enjoy.

Theodore O'Hara wrote the poem from which a passage is quoted by your correspondent James Lindsay. It was written on the occasion of the burial at Frankfort—whence they were brought for reinterment—of the remains of the Kentucky volunteers who fell at Buena Vista. I have a copy of the poem, but do not know where another can be obtained. It commences thus:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Major O'Hara, who was at one time connected with *The Louisville Journal*, served with gallantry in the war against Mexico; and also, I believe, on the wrong side during the late rebellion. He died in Georgia a few weeks ago. K.

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Please inform me, through your columns, in what connection I may find the expression:

"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."

Yours truly,

GEORGE R. WYCKE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 3, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: In reply to your correspondent, "W. A. H.," allow me to furnish the following from Hone's *Every-day Book*, Vol. II., col. 625:

In old St. Paul's Cathedral, "within a proper chapel purposely made for him," and in a proper tomb, Sir John Beauchamp, constable of Dover and warden of the Cinque Ports, was buried in the year 1338. "This deceased nobleman," says Stowe, "by ignorant people hath been erroneously misnamed and said to be Duke Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, who lyeth honorably buried at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, twenty miles from London: in idle and frivolous opinion of whom some men of late times have made a solemn meeting at his tomb upon St. Andrew's day in the morning, and concluded on a breakfast or dinner, as assuring themselves to be servants and to hold diversity of offices under the good Duke Humphrey."

Stowe's continuator says: "Likewise on *Mayday*, tankard-bearers, watermen, and some other of like quality beside, would use to come to the same tomb early in the morning, and, according as the other deliver servicable presentation at the same monument by strewing herbs and sprinkling fair water on it, as in the duty of servants and according to their degrees and charges in office; but (as Master Stowe hath discreetly advised such as are so merrily disposed, or simply profess themselves to serve St. Humphrey in Paul's) if punishment of daily losing their dinners there be not sufficient for them, they should be sent to St. Albans to answer there for their disobedience and long absence from their so highly well deserving Lord and Master, as in their merry disposition they please so to call him."

There can be no doubt that this mock solemnity on *May-day*, and the Feast of St. Andrew, on pretence of attending a festival at Paul's, on the invitation of a dead nobleman in another place, gave rise to the saying concerning "dining with Duke Humphrey."

In reply to Antiquary, coaches were a French invention. Under Francis I., who was contemporary with Henry VIII. of England, there were only two coaches: that of the Queen and that of Diana, natural daughter of Henry II. The introduction of coaches into England is ascribed to Fitz Allen, Earl of Arundel in 1580; but Dr. Priestly says the first coach seen in England was in the reign of Queen Mary, who died in 1558, in the sixth year of her reign.

Hackney coaches first began to ply in the streets of London in 1625. They were introduced by one Captain Baily, who lived at Hackney, a village near London. He started with four, and the first stand was at the Maypole in the Strand (see *Stratford's Letters and Despatches*, Vol. I., p. 237).

Mail coaches were first established from London to Bristol in 1734. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

FRANK I. JERVIS, Editor *True Radical*.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, June 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I accept your journal as one of a high literary cast and character. I ask a mere piece of information. Please answer me.

In your number of May 4, 1867, p. 283, a critic reviewing *Black Sheep*, by Yates, concludes his observations as follows: "Mr. Yates can but do himself discredit by such feeble efforts to be funny." Is the expression correct, or am I wrong in thinking he should have said, "Mr. Yates cannot but do himself discredit," etc.?

Very truly yours, J. H. W., U.S.A.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, June 7, 1867.

Both are correct, but they differ slightly in meaning. Thus: "Mr. Yates can but (—can only) do himself discredit;" and "Mr. Yates cannot but (—cannot do anything but) do himself discredit." The former seems to us preferable both on account of brevity and of directness, while the double negative involved in the latter belongs to a large class of lumberingly feeble expressions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Mr. James Lindsay writes to *Notes and Queries* to enquire the "author of the poem commencing:"

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their snow-white tents are spread."

The poem was written by the late Capt. Theodore O'Hara, who died in Kentucky some three weeks ago. Mr. Lindsay is wrong in supposing that the poem begins with this verse. It opens thus:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,

No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few
On fame's, etc."

I enclose a copy of the poem. [The enclosure is at Mr. Lindsay's service.—Ed. R. T.] It was written on the occasion of the removal to the cemetery at Frankfort of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista. Captain, or Colonel O'Hara (to give his latest military title) served in the Confederate army with great gallantry and was a general favorite on account of his lively manners and capital stories. He survived the war, went back to his home in Kentucky, and died there three or four weeks since. I believe that he wrote but one other poem during his life; but it must be confessed that this poem, *The Bi-vouac of the Dead*, shows uncommon poetic ability.

Very respectfully,
NEW ORLEANS, June 27, 1867.

WILLIAM EVELYN.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 128,

SATURDAY, JULY 6.

The Round Table, The President that is, The President that is to be, The Convention, Frightful Examples, Pyrotechnic Patriotism, Domestic Incongruities.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Paris, Long Branch.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Mrs. E. C. Howarth, Protection for Travellers.

REVIEWS:

A Song of Italy, Fathers and Sons, Coming Wonders, The Romance of Beaumont, The Rector's Wife, An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture and Wine-making, Treatment of Fractures of the Lower Extremities, The Cattons, Pelham, Good Samaritans, Suggestions Concerning the Teeth, The Magazines,

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LITERARIANA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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